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Franklin's Contribution to the Constitution . . . . . Third Cover
By John Allen Krout, *A.B.* (*Michigan*), *A.M.*, *Ph.D.* (*Columbia*)

Water Power Is the Colossus of To-Morrow

Who, sitting at the bus-bar of the power plant, shall direct the giant's strength—private corporations or the Federal Government? This question will be graphically presented in next week's issue of The Outlook by Frederick M. Davenport.

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The Outlook

Volume 145 February 23, 1927 Number 8

The Age of Edison

SOME one has expressed the belief that any particular age of progress is the age of one man, that a single intellect dominates the thought of the world and directs its activities. If that speculation is well founded, our age is the age of Thomas A. Edison. Perhaps it is more notably so than any previous period of progress has been the age of any other man. Take away just those things that Mr. Edison has himself invented, not to mention those to the invention and discovery of which his work has been the stimulus, and the world would be comparatively poor.

Mr. Edison celebrated recently his eightieth birthday, still hard at work, still keenly bent upon "pulling secrets out of the air," reversing the rule of most old men and sleeping a little more than in his prime, but determined not to let up until "a few days before the funeral."

As for several years past, Mr. Edison made the answering of questions propounded by newspaper correspondents the main event of his birthday celebration. Many did not have a great deal to do with his own work, but some of them did, and the answers to two of these are particularly interesting. Mr. Edison said that the work which he would prefer to be remembered by is the invention of the phonograph. But he said, in answer to another question, that he regards the electric light as the most important of his inventions. It is apparent, therefore, that to even so great a man as Edison the most important work is not the work nearest the heart. This man, probably the greatest inventive genius that the world has known, has, "even as you and I," an unreasoned fondness for certain pieces of his handiwork.

No Machine Guns for the Home

A CONCERTED effort is in progress to prevent the arming of criminals. The National Crime Commission is to present to the Legislatures of the States a uniform law prohibiting the importation of revolvers and prohibiting the sale of machine guns except for military purposes. It will contain provisions restricting, by license requirement or otherwise, the sale of pistols within the States. The lower house of Congress recently passed a bill withdrawing the right of sending pistols through the mails, and the measure will shortly go to the Senate.

Prohibition of the sale and use of machine guns will probably not be vigorously resisted. Private citizens have not yet come to believe that they require such weapons for defense of their homes and persons. Among private persons, only criminals, so far, have used machine guns to a considerable extent.

As to the revolver, the situation is quite different. The belief still persists that the average man may, with a pistol, defend himself against a gunman. The testimony of police officials is practically unanimous that a pistol in the hands of a layman constitutes a menace rather than a defense for him, but such testimony will not remove the desire of many citizens to keep a pistol in the house.

Commendable as is the effort to prevent criminals from obtaining weapons, the difficulties in the way are great. Anti-gun laws, like all prohibition laws, have always been difficult of enforcement. None the less they have been measurably enforced in most of the States. An anti-machine-gun law should be easier of enforcement than anti-pistol laws have been and are.

International

Edison at eighty

A Battle of Railroads

A FORTNIGHT ago the numeral-covered brokers' boards which radiate Wall Street's wisdom into the cities told a dramatic story, perhaps a far-reaching story, of combat between large railroads and railroad men with small railroads as weapons. At the beginning of the year the numerals beside the name "Wheeling and Lake Erie" showed that shares of that stock were being sold for $27.50 apiece. They were not more valuable because they represented ownership of a railroad that was paying no dividends. But less than a month later the numerals began indicating 48, 60, 80, 130, 90, 65—a rise that astonished Wall Street and then a partial decline.

Those who interpret the successions of white numerals on the boards explained. Mr. L. F. Loree, of the Delaware and Hudson, planned a new trunk line between New York and Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City. He controlled the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the first link out of New York. He would build a new road of 283 miles across Pennsylvania; he would consolidate with the Wabash for the western end of his system; and he would join the two ends by piecing together several other railroads and parts of railroads, including the Wheeling and Lake Erie.

Mr. Loree had applied to the Inter-State Commerce Commission for permission to put this plan into effect. It would create a fifth line, in addition to the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, and the proposed

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Van Sweringen consolidation. At least three of these roads, came the news from Wall Street, considered the Loree plan a challenge. Among them they bought sufficient Wheeling and Lake Erie stock to withhold from their challenger the control of an integral part of his planned system and to send the price of the stock up to the high point of 130 by creating a demand and yet returning no stock to the market to relieve the pressure thus caused.

There were other phases of Mr. Loree's plan which need not be mentioned—except his approach to Baltimore and Washington by the Western Maryland, the stock of which also rose sensationally in response to the purchase by the Baltimore and Ohio of enough shares to block Mr. Loree's control of that road. But Wheeling and Lake Erie was the vulnerable spot and the weapon.

Nevertheless the end may not yet be here. The skillful, powerful Loree, if not the Inter-State Commerce Commission, may have more to say about it.

The Barber as a Doctor

In the New York Legislature is a bill which the barbers of New York State hope will metamorphize their trade into a profession. It is not without good precedent; but to find a precedent it is necessary to go back four centuries. Shall we behold some day trim, dignified, point-bearded, formally attired scientists entering their offices to attend the tonsorial needs of their patients? The imagination is whetted by the plan in this bill for compulsory attendance by apprentices at schools teaching "history of the hair, skin, nails, muscles, and nerves; structure of the head, face, and neck; elementary chemistry relating to sterilization and antiseptics; diseases of the skin, hair, glands, and nails; massaging and manipulating the muscles of the upper body; hair cutting, shampooing, and arranging, dressing, coloring, bleaching, and tinting the hair." The bill would provide for the examination and licensing of barbers by a State Board of Barbers.

In England in 1546 the barbers became united with the surgeons, whose function was their own to the extent of elementary medicine and surgery. That is why their symbol is still a blood-stained bandage—a barber pole. In France in 1371 the barber surgeons had been organized into a corporation under the jurisdiction of the King's barber. But by 1745, when a dissolving act in England gave the barbers their own corporation, the barbers' trade had again become "foreign to, and independent of, the practice of surgery."

If the New York State bill passes, even if it should mean the lamented professionalizing of barber shops of the old school, the consequent widespread scientific knowledge of hair hygiene would supply a need which is met now neither by many barbers nor many doctors. But shall mere man have to seek refuge from the high cost of living in letting his hair grow in the mode of Absalom?

Hopes and Fears for the McNary-Haugen Plan

The McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill has passed the Senate, and probably will have been acted upon by the House before this issue of The Outlook is read. Whether it passes or not, whether if passed it is approved or disapproved by the President, the principle of the McNary-Haugen Bill will be an issue, at least in the pre-convention campaign of next year, and probably in the campaign for election of a President. This appears inevitable because of the fact that the supporters of the plan regard it as essential to uniform prosperity, while its opponents look upon it as a disaster to the country as a whole and most particularly to the very class it is designed to benefit.

What the advocates of the bill hope from it is: That it will stabilize the prices of farm products; permit disposition of surpluses without depression; secure a protected market to producers of those crops consumed mainly at home; promote co-operative marketing associations by making it possible for them to control the movement to market without imposing the burden on their members alone. They deny, since under it prices will fluctuate, that it is a price-fixing measure. They deny that it is a subsidy to agriculture, since the stabilizing funds come from a fee assessed on the producers themselves. They deny further that it will act as a stimulant to over-produce, since larger production entails a larger fee.

The opponents of the bill have pointed out many objections to it, but three of these are of paramount importance. The equalization fee, extremely difficult to collect, will necessitate a large and cumbersome organization, and is probably unconstitutional. The method prescribed for selection of members of the Federal Farm Board imposes a limitation upon the appointing power of the President and probably renders the bill unconstitutional. The feeling of assurance that surpluses can be disposed of will stimulate over-production, and thus in the long run prove extremely harmful to farmers themselves.

Other evil results feared from the bill are: That it will catapult the Government into the largest business in existence; open the door to similar appeals without number; fix prices within narrow limits; subsidize one industry at the expense of others; increase the cost of living generally; demoralize the co-operative marketing movement and handicap private business by interfering with marketing channels; place a premium upon inefficiency in distribution; divert the attention of farmers from means of solving their own problems and focus it upon the aid of the Government as a panacea.

The Third-Term Bugaboo

The third-term bugaboo has been raised against President Coolidge. Nicholas Murray Butler has the doubtful distinction of being the first to mention it, but it would have been mentioned by others quite shortly if Dr. Butler had not spoken. Those who have since introduced a resolution in Congress would not have permitted the session to end without bringing it forward.

This resolution was introduced by Representative Beck, of Wisconsin, a La Follette Republican. It copies the language of an earlier one, introduced in 1875, when Grant was serving his second term, and adopted by the House by the overwhelming vote of 252 to 18. That resolution declared, as this one does, that the precedent established by Washington has become a part of our republican system of Government and that departure from it "would be unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

The Beck resolution was referred to the Judiciary Committee, and there it is likely to rest until the session ends. If it is forced to a vote, the friends of the President will probably do the forcing. There are indications that at least some of those sympathetic with the introduction of the resolution are quite content with having it introduced, and thus bringing public attention to the fact that an identical resolution was adopted by the House under somewhat similar circumstances. Some of those who would not relish the necessity of actually voting for the resolution are probably thinking, "Mischief, thou art afoot—take thou what course thou wilt."

Undeniably, the doctrine of no third term still has many adherents. Washingtonian example and precept are still powerful, as was demonstrated during the League of Nations fight, when "entangling alliances with none" was found to be an effective weapon. Washington's example with regard to a third term is, of course, on a different basis, but it is,

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Any bar, any cross, any impediment

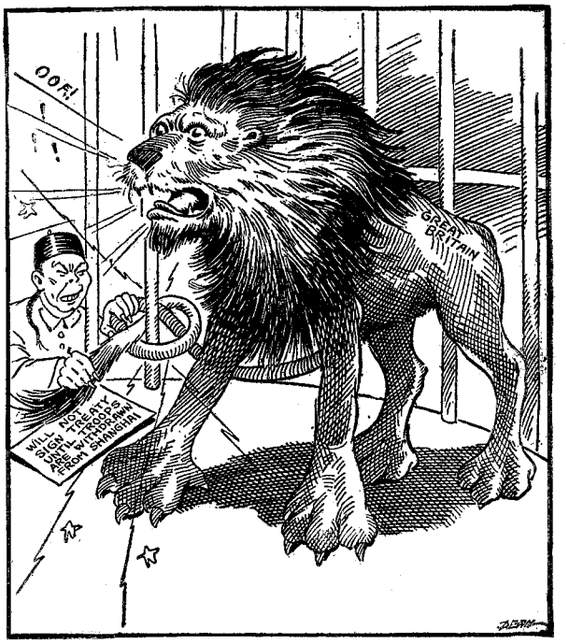
(Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Scene 2)

Pease in the Newark Evening News

Take me for a lamb?

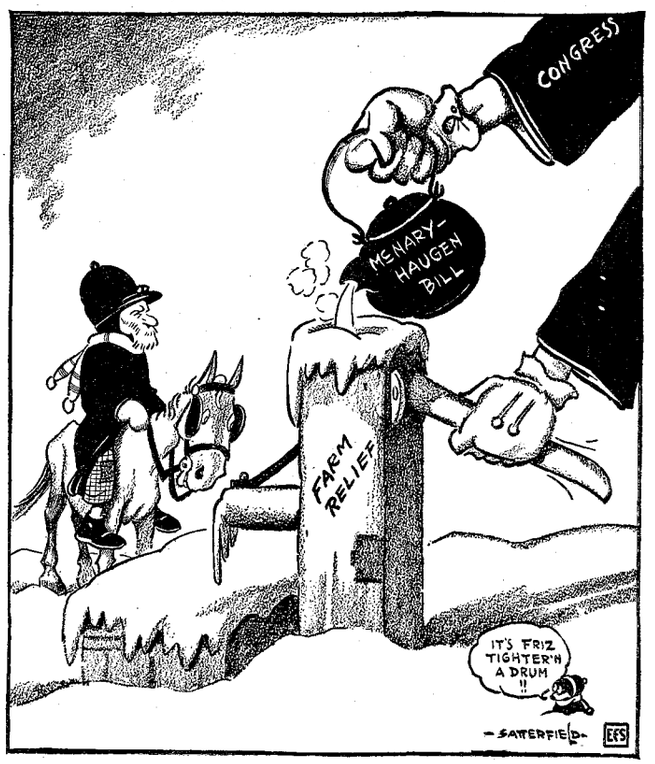
From Harry G. Schwartz, Newark, N. J.

Dean in the Dayton (Ohio) News



Twisting the lion's tail

Satterfield for the Editors' Feature Service



Another attempt

Clubb in the Rochester Times-Union

The trouble maker?

From G. Shaud, Rochester, N. Y.

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to a certain extent, held sacrosanct as a part of the Washington tradition. And many of those who so hold it probably make no distinction, if indeed there is one, between the situation of the President twice elected and the situation of the President succeeding to the office from that of Vice-President and afterwards once elected.

There are reasons to be urged as to why Calvin Coolidge should not again be President. There are reasons to be urged as to why he should again be chosen to that office. It is unfortunate that the issue is to be obscured and confused by a tradition which is without essential validity.

Public Buildings and the Budget

THE action of the House of Representatives in increasing from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000 the appropriation for the construction of public buildings has been condemned in certain quarters as upsetting the estimates of the Bureau of the Budget, and therefore as running counter to the President's economy program. It is not entirely clear that this action does upset the Budget estimates—the Treasury Department has reported the need for a larger appropriation—but, even if it does, that is not sufficient ground for condemnation.

The purse-strings are and, by our traditions, ought to be held by the legislative branch of Government. To make sure that they would be thus held was one of the principal objects of centuries of struggle by our ancestors of English blood on this and the other side of the Atlantic. For a budget bureau, an agency of the executive branch, to attempt to impose a rigid appropriations program upon the legislative branch would be to attempt a tremendous revolution. Of course, the Bureau of the Budget does not seriously attempt anything of the kind. It merely works out plans which the President suggests to Congress. The public, however, appears sometimes in danger of concluding that Congress is usurping authority or trespassing upon administrative rights when it disregards such suggestions. Undoubtedly, the recommendations of the Bureau of the Budget should be in the main followed, and will be if they are not too disregardful of Congressional opinion; but there is nothing inviolable about such recommendations.

The reasons which moved the House to this particular action appear to have weight. There has been no appropriation for public buildings since 1913. Prior to that time the Government had been spending about $35,000,000 a year for construction of buildings. If the old program had been continued, there would have been spent in construction since 1913 more than $400,000,000.

In the interval the buildings which the Government owns have become wholly inadequate to its needs. It occupies 1,171 buildings which it owns. It rents 4,720 other buildings, for which it pays nearly $12,000,000 a year—a sum just sufficient to pay 6 per cent interest on the appropriation of $200,000,000.

(C) Clinedinst Keystone

Dr. Charles D. Walcott

Wolf! Wolf!

A NEWSPAPER despatch recently reported that the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company had suspended two employees who as State legislators had voted in favor of an investigation of telephone rates. In that despatch there was the plain imputation of coercion. That imputation was made the stronger by the additional report that three other telephone employees, also State legislators, who had voted against an investigation had not been suspended. It was stated that the Company had an unwritten law that every employee taking public office should cease for the time of his term to be an employee of the Company; but, according to the despatch, there seemed to be evident discrimination against those who had voted for what seemed to be contrary to the Company's interests.

After taking steps to verify this statement from an independent source, The Outlook has found that there was no coercion and no discrimination. The two (not three) employees who opposed the investigation had already been granted a leave of absence at the beginning of the year. The other two men had not been granted this leave of absence, because until the vote on the investigation the Company had overlooked the fact that these two were members of the Legislature.

Newspapers gather and publish news under such pressure that inaccuracies such as this are bound to occur. There were more occasions for such inaccuracies when discrimination, coercion, and corrupt dealings between corporations and politicians were more common than they are to-day. It is to be remembered that a generation ago many practices were regarded as defensible which to-day no one would defend. In the time of transition between the old and the new the natural journalistic attitude was one of suspicion and readiness to condemn with short shrift. Big business, in the meantime, has, with the rest of the country, undergone education. To-day the newspaper man still needs to have a weather eye out for corruption, but he is less likely to find it; and when he thinks he finds it the newspaper reader had better be careful about accepting his insinuations, lest they be based on incorrect premises.

Charles D. Walcott

AMERICA lost the services but not the lasting inspiration of the life of one of its great scientists when, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, Charles D. Walcott, Secretary and executive head of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., died on February 9. From his youth the science of geology furnished the principal field of his thoughts if not of his activities. In 1876 he became assistant in the New York State Survey. By 1894 he was Director of the United States Geological Survey. For two years he was Director of the United States Reclamation Service. In 1907 he was chosen for the office which he held at the time of his death, the directing head of the scientific institution created by the bequest a century ago of the English benefactor of American science, James Smithson. But these offices do not begin to tell the story of Dr. Walcott's activities. The list of his honors and offices is a formidable one. He was, for example, two years Secretary of the Carnegie Institution at Washington. He was president of various scientific societies of different kinds, including the National Association for the Advancement of Science. His interests extended beyond the domain of any one branch of science, and indeed of science itself. He was a standing refutation of the mistaken idea that the scientific mind in order to be accurate needs to be narrow. He rejoiced in

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Whitey, of the longhorns, first of the herd that is to perpetuate the type

beauty both in nature and in art. He was as notable as a citizen as he was as a scientist. He was a man of spiritual insight; and, though he knew as a scientist how to weigh and to measure, he valued most highly those things that are measureless and imponderable.

The Longhorns

PAIRS of cows' horns, just as long as the mantelpiece over a wide fireplace, may be seen in some club-houses, some rustic camps, a few private residences, throughout the United States. These, it had been generally supposed, were all that was left of the breed of long-horned cattle that used to roam our open range from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border. They make attractive ornaments, those horns, but they never could have been much more than ornamental even in the days when cows' horns as such were useful in this country. No man with breath less powerful than that of Boreas could have blown one as dinner or hunting horn, and Hercules could hardly have carried one as powder horn. Even as ornaments they seem unreal—too large to have grown on the heads of cows.

But posterity is not to be permitted to doubt their reality. A few specimens of this breed still live. They are to be gathered into a herd and propagated on the Wichita National Forest (in Oklahoma), under the care of the United States Forest Service. The most spectacular domesticated—or semi-domesticated—animal that America has produced is to be preserved.

The movement to preserve this picturesque animal for the education of future generations is certainly as commendable as that for preservation of the wild bison.

The project for the preservation of the longhorns was begun by a forest ranger. Its success was assured through the efforts of Senator Kendrick, of Wyoming, who himself herded longhorns in the old days.

Cuba's Trade—Shall We Keep It?

THE United States appears in imminent danger of losing all of its parcels post business with Cuba. That the loss would be considerable is proved by the fact that 211,000 postal parcels weighing more than eight ounces went to Cuba during the first ten months of 1926. To only two other countries, England and Mexico, were our shipments as numerous.

The threatened loss of this trade can be traced to a law enacted sixty years ago which forbids the entry of cigars in lots of less than 3,000.

Twenty-four years ago we concluded a postal convention with Cuba, the first sentence of which provides for admission to the mails exchanged between the two countries of "all articles of every kind or nature which are admitted to the domestic mails of each country." Cigars in small quantities are admitted to the mails in the United States. But, despite the convention, we have forbidden them entry from Cuba because of that old law of 1866.

Cuba has frequently protested, but has continued to live up to the terms of the convention. In 1925 she made a temporary parcels post agreement with the United States. This agreement will expire on June 30 this year. Cuba has made known her purpose to allow all provisions for mail trade to lapse at that time. The effect will be to make letter postage necessary on parcels to Cuba—unless before the end of this session of Congress we repeal the act of 1866 and get ready to live up to the terms of the postal convention of 1903.

A bill, House Resolution 8997, is pending for that purpose. It appears liable, however, to be "lost in the shuffle," despite the fact that more than a hundred organizations National in scope, including the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, are urging its passage.

With letter postage required for sending merchandise to Cuba, the United States would, of course, lose the bulk of its Cuban parcels post trade to European competitors who have permanent parcels post arrangements with Cuba. American business, though prosperous, can ill afford to lose or alienate its sixth best customer among the countries of the world.

"Cradle Song"

IN drawing crowds that fill the large Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York City, to sit silent and absorbed at the performances of "Cradle Song" Miss Eva Le Gallienne has achieved the seemingly impossible.

There is nothing in the play which the ordinary commercial theatrical manager seems to assume that the public wants. There is no sensation, there are no extremes of tragic thrill or hilarity, no appeal to morbid curiosity, no obvious dramatic conflict, not even what fairly might be called a plot. The story of the play, if it can be called even a story, is of the simplest. A foundling is received by the nuns of a Spanish convent and is accepted by them as their foster daughter. Growing to young womanhood under their care, she falls in love with a young man, and is given by her foster mothers to him in marriage. There is not the hint of a symbol from beginning to end, nothing occult, nothing that hints of a theory, or a problem, or a lesson.

Yet the play has a power over its audience that few plays attain. It moves those who see it by its perfect characterization of the most simple, elementary, and normal of human relations. The contrast between most great plays and this has been likened to the contrast between a symphony and a piece of chamber music. Its effect is dependent upon the perfection of its performance. The restraint with which it pictures the devotion of these nuns to the girl who has come to them to be cared for, a devotion like the devotion of a mother for her child, and the normal response of this daughter to her community of

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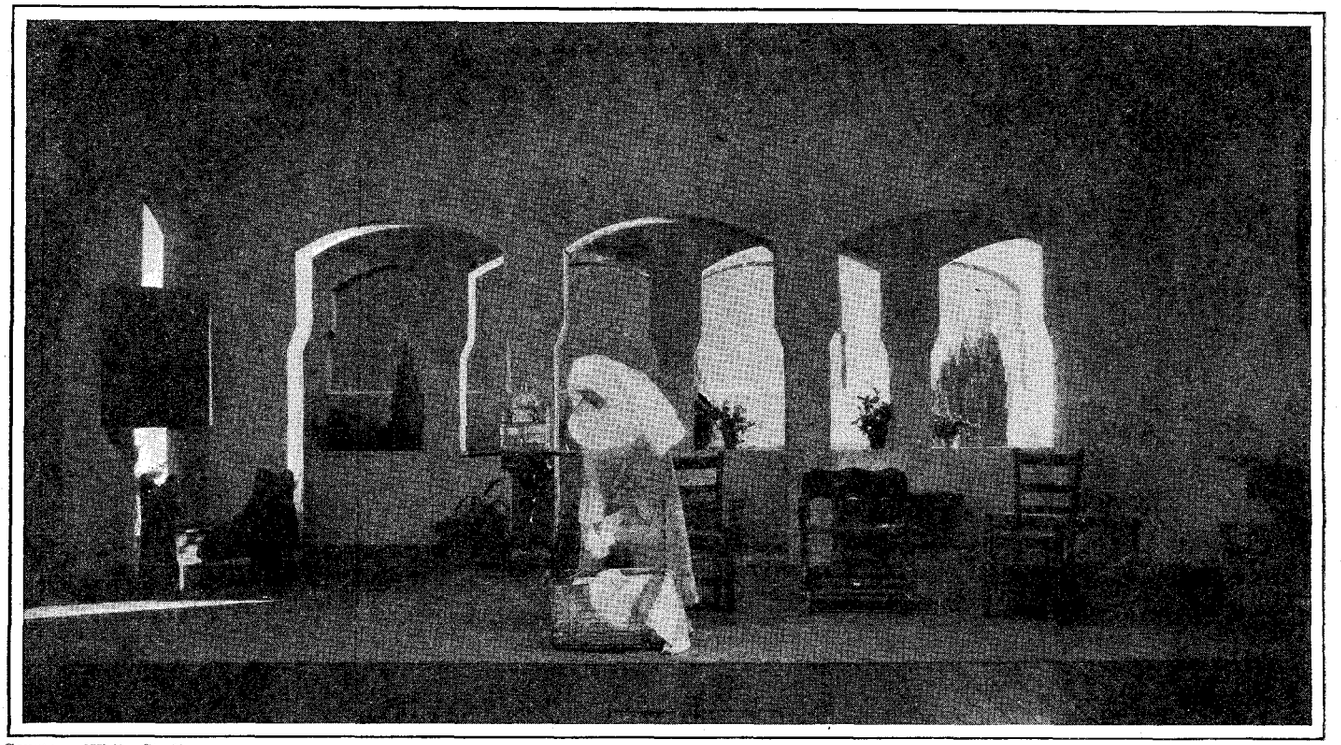

Courtesy White Studio

Eva Le Gallienne as Sister Joanna of the Cross in "Cradle Song," at the Civic Repertory Theatre, New York City

mothers, and in particular to the one who has had special care of her, is the secret of both the performance of the play and the play itself. The manifest success of "Cradle Song" is a standing proof of the fact that even in this day in New York the stage remains as a vehicle of art.

The Oldest University Takes up Radio

So many American colleges have adopted radio as a means of increased usefulness to their communities, many of them even to the extent of constructing and operating their own stations, that we have come to look upon this phase of education as an accepted fact. In France, however, where new ideas are received with Old World conservatism, the news that "the mother of all universities," as the University of Paris is properly called, has established a Radio Institute of University Extension is creating a sensation. The Institute boasts a distinguished staff, with M. Raymond Poincaré himself as President of the Committee of Patronage and Professor Jean Louis Faure, the eminent surgeon and member of the Academy of Medicine, as President of the Council of Administration. It was under the late Rector Paul Lapie, of the University of Paris, as President of the Council of Pedagogy of the Radio Institute, whose death we reported last week, that this Institute was founded.

It is revolutionary, indeed, to think of the grave and dignified Sorbonne establishing a radio broadcasting studio within its own walls; but steps are actually being taken to convert some of the caverns in its enormous depths into suitable quarters for this work, although for the present the power used will be that of the two Government stations, the Eiffel Tower and the School of Posts, Telegraphs, and Telephones, and of "Le Petit Parisien" and "Radio-Paris," which have offered their co-operation, thereby putting at the disposal of the Institute all the large Parisian stations.

With the announcement that the Institute will broadcast courses, not only direct from the amphitheaters of the University, but also specially prepared shorter courses of all types ranging from commercial law to the care of children, comes the information that at least fifteen minutes a day will be devoted to talks in English. They will serve the double purpose of making provision for those residents and visitors in the country who follow French with difficulty and of serving as a daily exercise for classes studying English in French schools.

According to Dr. Faure, the programs will comprise courses in law, letters, hygiene, commercial and industrial education, the perfecting of agricultural technique, and, in addition, a general popularization of art. The lessons will be short and condensed and "confided to capable professors who can adapt themselves to the difficult art of saying much in a few words." Each course will consist of one or two lessons a week on each subject in a series to be completed in three to six months. Besides the courses, there will be musical and artistic programs of the sort that are not now given on the radio in France. This project is undertaken with the ambitious and idealistic purpose of putting the resources of the oldest university in the world to the service of the whole people of France.

John Bull in the China Shop

Great Britain has landed expeditionary forces in Shanghai for the protection of her subjects and interests there. The Nationalist Government of South China had declared that this step would be considered equivalent to an act of war; and negotiations for an agreement between British representatives and the Nationalists in their headquarters at Hankow have been broken off abruptly.

No one can tell what the next development in the situation in China may be. But it is certain that the British action must inevitably intensify still further the bitter feeling against foreigners in China which has been gathering so long. Whether it will lead to renewed outbreaks against Americans and Europeans we can only wait to see. At this distance it is difficult to judge all the conditions that impelled the British authorities in their decision.

The fighting in the region around Shanghai, according to reports, had seemed to be taking a turn which left the great international port less menaced than it had been. The defending armies,

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under the direction of General Sun Chuan-fang had checked the Nationalists in their advance toward the city from the south. But all the engagements so far have been preliminary; and the decisive test of strength is still to come.

Conflicts between the northern militarists have meanwhile complicated and confused the situation anew. The armies of Marshal Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria, moving southward and entering Honan Province to challenge the Nationalists in their march toward Peking, have been opposed by the troops of General Wu Pei-fu. General Wu is the former war lord of the Yangtze provinces who was defeated and driven from his stronghold in Hankow by the Nationalists. But he is an old foe of Marshal Chang; and the antagonism of his troops to the campaign of the forces from the north may mean that he has thrown in his lot with the Nationalists who vanquished him.

General Wu has had sympathies with the Nationalist cause. He has been an unstable element in the Chinese chaos for the past five years.

The reappearance of Wu threatens to change the strife from a duel between North and South back into the old matching of strength between three or four war lords. If this proves so, the prospect of any worth-while result from the present civil conflict in China becomes more remote. We can only watch with the hope that this will not prove to be the case.

Yoshihito's Funeral

WITH ceremonial that, as far as modern Japanese know, has attended the funerals of Japan's 122 preceding monarchs, the Emperor Yoshihito was borne to his tomb throughout the duration of a clear, cold February night six weeks after his death.

Two million of his former subjects thronged the route of the funeral procession through Tokyo, having long stood vigil, and mourned as the wooden catafalque, drawn by oxen, passed in the early evening. Nine thousand men marched, between flares and old-style lanterns. Many of them wore military dress uniforms, but most of them stepped the measured pace in somber, old-style loose clothes and straw shoes. There were, for the first time, army and navy bands, but the plaintive reeds and drums of Shinto music prevailed; and guns boomed and temple bells rang.

In a pavilion in the Shinjuku Gardens, at the end of the march, the royal family and the diplomats and officials advanced to pay their last respects at the bier of the Emperor, while an assembly of 10,000 people stood outside without hats or overcoats. After an hour's services, the coffin was placed in a palanquin, and by that was taken to a railway train standing near, which carried it to Asakawa. There, just before dawn, the body of Yoshihito became the first of "the line unbroken for ages eternal" to rest in a new Imperial burial-ground among wooded hills.

The A B C of Disarmament

SOMETHING for nothing is less easily procurable in international affairs than in any other kind of dealing. This is not to say that diplomacy is only high-class horse trading. It is entirely in keeping with equity and justice that the facts should be as they are.

Individuals—even business managements—may rightly decide to yield something for nothing as a matter of policy or for reasons of human kindness. But the representatives of a nation have no such freedom of choice and action. They are agents for the interests, present and future, of a people. When they give up anything, it must be to get something in exchange which seems at least of equal value.

That is the difficulty in the way of President Coolidge's proposal that Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States should begin negotiations at Geneva for a naval treaty supplementing the Washington Treaty limit on capital ships and applying the same ratios to classes of auxiliary ships. At the Washington Conference Secretary Hughes had something very solid and striking to offer on the part of the United States. He could start the discussion by suggesting that this country would scrap a number of powerful first-line battleships and stop the building of others if Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy would agree to do the same. The famous 5–5–3–1.67–1.67 naval accord was the result. Without that challenging and tangible bid, it is doubtful whether anything so far-reaching could have been accomplished.

Now, in the most important classes of auxiliary ships, we have no such definite inducement to present. On the contrary, the odds are against this country. The two types of ships about which there is most discussion are cruisers and submarines. According to latest figures in Washington, Great Britain has 40 cruisers built, 11 building, and 3 appropriated for, totaling 54 ships of 332,290 tons, and 35 submarines built and 10 building or appropriated for. Japan has 19 cruisers built and 6 building, totaling 25 ships of 156,205 tons, and 49 submarines built and 19 building. France has 3 cruisers built, 6 building, and 1 authorized, totaling 10 ships of 80,350 tons, and 22 submarines built and 23 building or authorized. Italy has 8 cruisers built and 2 building, totaling 10 ships of 50,784 tons, and 9 submarines built and 13 building. The United States has 10 cruisers built, 2 building, and 6 authorized, totaling 18 ships of 155,000 tons, and 56 submarines built and 3 building. Many of our submarines are considered to be of nearly obsolete types.

Consequently, when we propose that the other naval Powers accept the Washington Conference ratios for auxiliary craft, what we mean is one of two things: either that they shall stop building and stand still, while we start an intensive building program in order to catch up, or that they shall scrap large numbers of ships in order to bring their strength down into ratio with our existing strength. President Coolidge has opposed appropriations for three new cruisers; and this would seem to leave only the second alternative.

What have we to offer in order to induce the other nations to accept it? Two things: reconsideration of the war-debt agreements; and the threat that if they do not agree we will enter the naval competition and outbuild them. But the debts are not a proper factor to introduce into the negotiations; indeed, France has objected in the past to suggestions that remission of her debt might be the reward for an agreement restricting armaments. She does so on the proper ground that financial pressure cannot be permitted to determine internal policies of security. Consequently, when she replies to President Coolidge that she prefers to seek a solution of the armament problem by considering land, sea, and air questions together, and through the League of Nations, to which the United States does not adhere, she means just one thing—she means that she thinks she has nothing to gain from America and something to gain in Europe. Likewise, when Great Britain and Japan intimate that they are considering the American proposals not unfavorably, that means that their Governments think they see a chance to drive an advantageous bargain for something they want from us.

President Coolidge has shown a disinclination to use our strongest argument. That is the undoubted capacity of the United States to build an overwhelming

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navy. He might change the situation in the direction he wishes if he would say: "Gentlemen, against the wishes of my Congress, I have opposed the authorization of new auxiliary war-ships because I want to come to an agreement with you to limit this burden for all of us. But if you will not come to an understanding with us, I shall be forced to urge that the United States immediately begin to build a navy equal to any other in the world, capable of making the policies of my country effective and its security certain." It may be that this is the challenge he is holding in reserve. If so, it may justify the conciliatory course he has adopted at the outset. But if it is to count toward the end in view, it should not be reserved too long.

Religious Authority

EDWARD, aged thirteen, pronounces elsewhere in this issue opinions which are shared by many of his elders. He is not so much in open rebellion against apparently arbitrary religious and moral authority as he is indifferent to it. He is not, nor is his generation, a new phenomenon. He and those who speak in his vein are to-day only somewhat more outspoken than those of the past.

The contrast, if not the conflict, between the religion of authority and the religion of the spirit is an old one. It is the contrast between the priest and the prophet, between the lawgiver and the mystic, between the scribe and the seer. There are those who seek rest and find it only in some outward and tangible authority. They want to be told what is right and what is wrong. They want to escape from the care of decision in conduct for themselves and lay the responsibility elsewhere. They want to be told what is true and what is false. They want to escape from the responsibility of choice in thinking for themselves. They may find it in a church, or in a book, or in a code of customs. But there have always been people who have not been satisfied to intrust their conduct or their thinking to the custody of others, living or dead. It is these others who to-day seem to have found voice because they have found new freedom from older restraints. No longer can church or book or custom impose authority as once one or all these did.

This, however, does not mean the loss of religion, but only a new opportunity for the religion of the spirit. Never before were there so many free and willing to hear not the priest but the prophet; not to receive the laws of the lawgiver but to listen to the words of the mystic; to ignore the scribe but at the same time to wonder and await what the seer has to say.

Recently the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick suggested that the Protestant Church has lost something in foregoing the use of the confessional. Instinctively, Protestant churches have faced toward the religion of the spirit, though they have been reluctant to let go all ties with the religion of authority. So they have abandoned some of the institutions associated with the authority of the priest while they have tried to retain the authority of book or creed. As a secret place in which the believer can appeal to priestly authority the confessional does not rightly belong in churches that are facing toward the religion of the spirit. But the confessional need not be merely a medium of priestly authority. It may be a place where the prophet or the seer may speak not with many but with one and receive perhaps in turn what the seeker for truth may have to give. The preachers at Harvard and at other colleges have hours set aside when undergraduates can come to them one by one and lay their problems before them. To call this a confessional may not be to give a misnomer. But, whatever it be called, it can be used in the service of the religion of the spirit. The old-time pastoral call has lost its value partly because the pastor of to-day has lost his priestly authority, and his visit to the house may seem untimely or of no special benefit. But the minister who holds himself ready and makes it possible for those who seek his counsel to come to him is not exerting an external authority, but is making it possible for those who seek the guidance of that which is eternal and unseen to find their way.

There are those to whom the Catholic conception of authority, whether it be Roman or Greek or Anglican Catholic, is satisfying. To such the religious and moral unrest of to-day is alien. But there are those who seek no such authority and would be restive if they found it. The only authority they want is the same kind of authority as that which the symphonies of Beethoven have over the musical and the paintings of Rembrandt have over the artistic. To them the only kind of goodness that is worth seeking is that which is also a kind of beauty, a kind of truth, a kind of power. To them the Bible ought not to be a closed book, for it is the record of men who have sought that kind of goodness, beauty, truth, and power, and have told where they have found it or have shown how they have missed it. Some day the churches will learn how to reinterpret these great experiences of the past, and when that time comes many of those who now think of the Bible simply as a repository of an authority they no longer need will find in the Bible a new world.

Defamation of the Dead

BACK-STAIRS gossip, scurrilous tittle-tattle, about living people rarely gets into print. It can flourish only in secrecy, and only among those who have no stomach for facing the law. But calumny of the dead is safer. That it has not found its way into print oftener is perhaps because it is not relished as much by those who have the taste for it as detraction of the living. Lately, however, gossip has seemed to acquire something of a literary vogue. So in due course William Ewart Gladstone, the great Prime Minister of Queen Victoria's reign, came in for his share of defamation. A certain Captain Peter Wright attacked in a book the morals of Gladstone. He could not be prosecuted for libel; so Viscount Gladstone, the great Commoner's son, called him a liar and a foul fellow. Wright brought suit and lost. Gladstone thus receives in a court of law, as he had already received in the court of public opinion, the recognition of his right to his reputation. One can have nothing but sympathy with the decision of a British court to justify a live man in a courageous defense against the defamer of the dead. This case gives proper occasion for recalling the influence of Gladstone as a political leader and a man. We refer our readers to Mr. Kennedy's article in this issue.

Giving the Navy Its Due

WE have at last a navy film typically American, with a plot, a hero (not a very marvelous one), a heroine (undoubtedly the world's most fatuous), and the perfection of detail on the grand scale that typifies the best of our major films. "Old Ironsides" was written by Laurence Stallings, the creator of "The Big Parade." He pictures in a brilliant and even fascinating manner one of the most gallant and spectacular events in the history of our Navy—the destruction of the power of the Barbary pirates, largely by the fine frigate Constitution.

It is probably the most real of pictured sea fights. The Constitution of the films is a duplicate of the original in every possible detail. This ship, as well as the other ships and the huge Tripolitan fort, armed with old-time muzzle-loading cannon, use some 50,000 rounds

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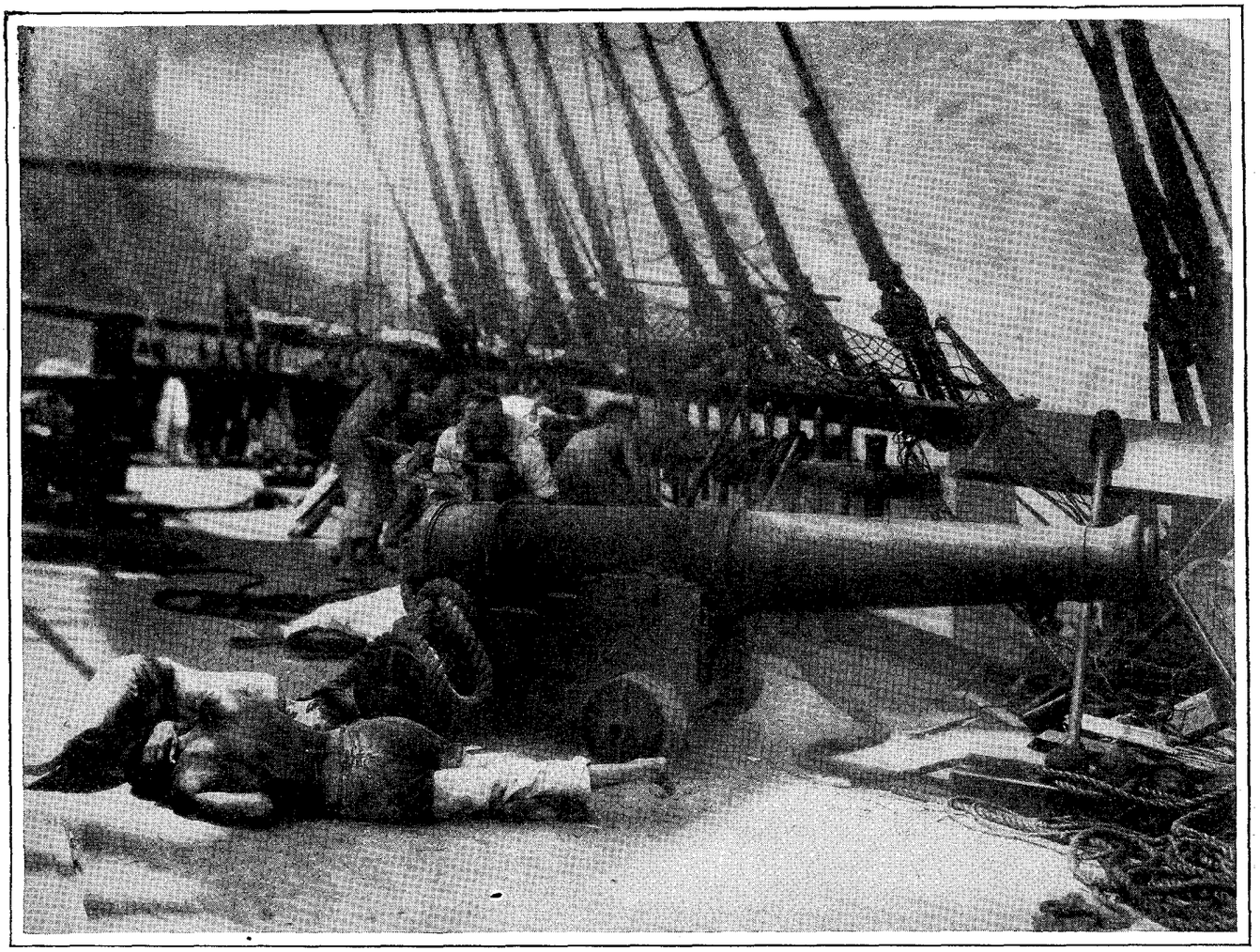

Old Ironsides—" Her deck, once red with heroes' blood," reproduced in motion pictures

of ammunition in a battle that makes you forget it is a picture and not history being played before your eyes. And nothing could be more beautiful than Old Ironsides herself under her towering pyramids of sails. A novel invention suddenly brings her almost full size before you, as the screen widens to the full extent of the stage.

This fine picture follows the best traditions for American grand films, and contains very little of that vulgarity most producers think so necessary if the average American spectator is to be fully satisfied.

The filming of "Old Ironsides" marks, perhaps, the culmination of the recent turn to war subjects.

When that fine epic, "The Big Parade," brought back so many keen memories of the Great War, it aroused at once an interest that war-weariness had been keeping deeply submerged. Since then there has come an increasing tide of war films—serious and comic—stories, books, poems, diaries, the great majority playing up the fully deserving A. E. F. to an increasingly appreciative audience.

Then it began to dawn on us that the Navy was being neglected. Our Navy, to be sure, had few opportunities for spectacular performance, invaluable as its service actually was, so it was difficult to plan battle scenes on the high seas. To match the comic and near-comic army films, however, we have had given us films like "We're in the Navy Now"—exceedingly flat-footed comedy. Other navy films, however, stand bravely out, and, curiously enough, one of these does not concern our Navy at all!

Some may remember the spectacular revolt of the crew of the Potemkin in Odessa Harbor in 1905, a revolt brought on by atrocious food and accompanied by the usual classic Russian charging into crowds on the part of Cossacks. The first really fine film sent us from Russia depicts this bit of history—prepared by one Eisenstein, a new name in this field, and aided fully by the Soviet Government. Although "The Armored Cruiser Potemkin" may not be the greatest film in the world, as some enthusiasts would have us believe, it is at least a most remarkable and able achievement. It purports to give a bit of history, and no more. So there is no plot, and, happily enough, no "hero" and no "heroine." The handling of crowds of people in a natural and realistic manner is a triumph in itself. There is a certain rhythm of movement that is as superb as it is unusual, and becomes fascinating when we watch the coming to life, in the dusky dawn, of the Potemkin, its crew and machinery. With the gradual brightening of light comes the awakening of the crew and their taking up their several duties. The engineer oils his machinery. The great engines begin to move. The water ripples away from the bow of the ship, until finally we have full speed for men and machine, as the victorious crew take their ship past the rest of the fleet to see these ships join them one by one.

And now, as not the least of these war films, comes "Old Ironsides"—certainly the best of naval films. Yet is it not disconcerting that a motion-picture concern can spend literally millions in picturing a perfect model of the Old Ironsides, while the ancient original, one of our most precious naval treasures, neglected by the Government of this opulent Nation, must depend on the collected pennies of school-children for repair and reconditioning become necessary because of years of neglect?

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Echoes of Mussolini

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE Economic Club of New York is one of those numerous institutions of which the general public hears little but which exert an influence on the life of the metropolis—sometimes on the life of the Nation—quite disproportionate to the modest tenor of their ways. This club has no house, no social rooms, and its thousand or twelve hundred members meet together only four or five times a year at dinner for the discussion of some topic of National concern. The members do not even participate in these discussions except as auditors. They gather to hear four or five recognized authorities speak on the topic selected for the evening by a special committee—a topic usually of an economic, industrial, or sociological nature. As an example of the Club's influence I may remark, by the way, that, in my opinion, a single speech from its rostrum had more to do with the final passage of the Federal Reserve Act—which revolutionized our monetary system and saved us from a financial debacle during the World War—than any oratorical effort in the halls of Congress. It was a dramatic incident. But, to use Rudyard Kipling's phrase, that is another story. The one I am essaying to relate here concerns Mussolini, who, whatever may be the divergence of opinions about his personality and philosophy, is by far the most interesting figure on the stage of international life to-day. Some think that he is the great savior of democracy; others, that he is a sinister reincarnation of mediæval despotism. Is he a George Washington or a Cæsar Borgia?

That was the real question presented to the Economic Club at its most recent dinner, held three weeks ago, although the nominal subject of the evening was "Has Popular Government Broken Down?" The defender of the Mussolini régime was Dr. Bruno Roselli, whose name is familiar to readers of The Outlook as one of the valued contributors to its pages. Dr. Roselli was formerly an attaché of the Italian Embassy at Washington, and is now Professor of Italian at Vassar College. Dr. Roselli was careful to explain that he believes in parliamentary or representative democracy; that Fascism violates his theories of political liberty; but that following the World War Italy had fallen into a state of disorder and anarchy, and that no liberty of any kind, political or economic, could be enjoyed until a strong hand pulled it out of the abyss. Such a hand Mussolini furnishes under what must be acknowledged to be a dictatorship. Under Mussolini, Dr. Roselli contends, anarchy and violence have given place to law and order; progress has been made in stabilizing the lira; the area of arable land has been extended and crop values raised; the lack of coal has been met by the development of hydroelectric power; railroad and steamship transportation has been reformed and the traveler is now assured of reaching his destination in safety and on time; the citizen who minds his own business may rely with confidence on Government protection, although if he meddles in politics he is likely to get into trouble; but what the Italian citizen needs to-day is, not political freedom, but freedom from anarchy, strikes, and the interruption of orderly business. This might be called the Hamiltonian view of the function of government.

The spokesman of the opposite view at the Economic Club dinner was Professor Gaetano Salvemini (pronounced, let me say—for I did not know how the name was pronounced myself until I was told—Sal-vay'-mee-nee), who was a member of the Italian Parliament and Professor of History at the University of Florence until his property was seized and he was expelled from Italy for his outspoken criticisms of the Mussolini régime. Professor Salvemini is a liberal of what may be called the Jeffersonian school. He believes that sovereignty lies in the people, and not in the executive; that government was made for man, and not man for the government; that "the fundamental question is not, Do the trains run on time? but, Does justice run on time? Does freedom run on time?" He contends that much of the economic and material prosperity which the adherents of Mussolini claim has been given to Italy by the Fascist dictatorship is due to forces set in motion by the liberals before parliamentary government was abolished. He humorously points out that all the good fortune of present-day Italy is ascribed by the Fascist propagandists to Mussolini, all its misfortunes to other causes. "If the crops are good, that is Mussolini; if they are bad, that is the fault of Nature. If the state of public health is high and the mortality rate is low, that is Mussolini; if an epidemic of influenza upsets these calculations, that is an act of God." He pointed out the fact that last year five hundred thousand children were born in Italy, and asked if that desirable birth rate is "on account of Mussolini." He closed with an appeal for American sympathy on the ground that he and his fellow-liberals oppose Mussolini and work for the establishment in Italy of a political philosophy in accord with the famous dictum of Abraham Lincoln—"a government of the people, for the people, by the people."

I confess that I came away from this dinner in a confused state of mind. If I were living in Italy, I wonder if I should not be sympathetic with the Mussolini régime, for the desire for law, order, the stability of property, and material comfort is a very powerful and deep-seated motive in the human mind. But there is no doubt that parliamentary or representative government, as it is understood in Great Britain and the United States, no longer exists in Italy. There is, to be sure, a nominal Parliament, but the Prime Minister (that is to say, Mussolini) cannot be removed by an adverse vote of Parliament, as may be done in the case of an unpopular Prime Minister in England. No legislation can be introduced into the Italian Parliament without the consent of the Prime Minister. Whoever offends the Prime Minister by word or act may be imprisoned or substantially fined. It is under this dictatorial power that such men as Salvemini and Francesco Cianca, editor of the liberal newspaper "Il Mondo," have been expelled from Italy and their property sequestrated—not for revolutionary acts, but for the expression of liberal opinions.

After all, the question in its last analysis rests upon two antithetical conceptions of the function of government.

Is the basic purpose of government to promote protection to life and property and to build up a social organism called the state or nation?

Or is the basic function of government to promote and insure liberty to the individual with the least possible interference with individual genius and initiative.

To use a biological analogy, is the state the ultimate organism on which to fix our attention and in which the individuals are merely the living cells?

Or is the individual the ultimate organism of which the state is only the habitat?

The first conception is that of Fascism and has been clearly set forth in a remarkable paper by Alfredo Rocco, Minister of Justice under Mussolini. The second conception is that of Thomas Jefferson, expressed in the Declaration of Independence. The Constitution of the

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United States is a unique document in the history of government because in it, for the first time in modern civilization, there is a deliberate attempt to harmonize these two conceptions of the function of government, and to create a strong, continuing, and historical state composed of free and independent individuals with highly developed powers of initiative and opinion. To some observers it seems as if the American conception were quite as much on trial to-day as the Italian conception.

It remains to be said that at the Economic Club dinner, at which Professor Roselli and Professor Salvemini presented the two conceptions of government which I have endeavored to sketch in outline, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, lately American Ambassador to Turkey, made a suggestion which struck me as both original and clarifying. His view is that the fact that more than one European nation is seeking refuge in a dictatorship is no reason for entertaining the discouraging belief that "popular government has broken down." He likened popular or representative government to a corporation in which the citizens are the stockholders. When a business corporation through mismanagement or some social catastrophe faces bankruptcy, it is thrown into a receivership. A receiver is not a permanent officer, but a temporary official clothed with special powers to rehabilitate the corporation. So, Mr. Morgenthau thinks, the European dictatorships are temporary receiverships out of which popular or representative government will emerge with new vitality.

Let us hope so.

Lafayette Square

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

CRIMES may be committed, as Madame Roland charged, in the name of Liberty; but it had been fondly believed that intrigue would not be perpetrated in the name of the White House. What, then, is the measure of America's grief, not to mention astonishment, upon hearing that those—architects and others—who protest against the erection of buildings around Lafayette Square lest the White House be overshadowed and dwarfed are in reality selfishly seeking to put the real estate holdings of citizens "in cold storage" so that the ground may be bought cheaply when needed for Government buildings!

Intrigue or groundless accusation of intrigue—it does not matter. Somebody, if anybody is to be believed, has used the name of the White House unworthily.

As to the merits of that controversy, it were neither wise nor well for a layman to venture an assertion, but this observation may be made in passing: If the White House, in its spacious and wooded grounds, can be so easily overshadowed, it already is. The unlovely State, War, and Navy Building at its west and the stately Treasury Building at its east side have long done what could be done—not much—toward throwing the White House in the shade.

More recently the Government has erected at the southeast corner of the square, which amounts to the northeast corner of the White House grounds, a many-columned and several-storied Treasury Annex—as tall as any building that the Fine Arts Commission will permit. It has acquired on the north side of the square the more-storied if fewer-columned Veterans' Bureau Building. On that same north side the Chamber of Commerce of the United States recently erected a beautiful building—so beautiful that, according to report, pictures of it, labeled "The Washington Vatican," were sent out through the country to frighten the timid.

These buildings, these latter years, have been throwing their shadows as far as possible. Some streaks of shade have fallen athwart the statues of Lafayette, Rochambeau, von Steuben, and Kosciusko, at the four corners of the square, but no shadow has reached the statue of Andrew Jackson riding bravely in the center, and certainly none has fallen upon the White House, standing clear to the south across Pennsylvania Avenue.

The White House, one might guess, is really not in danger, even if some other things may be. Lafayette Square might have been a matchless museum, if the idea had occurred to anybody early enough. Practically all men of large prominence in Washington for a century—statesmen, soldiers, diplomats—lived or worked or both somewhere around Lafayette Square. Both bright and bloody are the memories of the square. Most of those who in the days of old were killed in duels fell in Lafayette Square or stalked grimly across it to the field of honor or were brought back to its houses to die.

But much has already been done and cannot be undone to efface the material marks of these memories. The ground which Henry Clay swapped to Commander John Rodgers for a Spanish jackass is now occupied by Belasco's theater. The Cosmos Club has made a stucco monstrosity of Dolly Madison's old brick house. A famous house was demolished to make room for the Treasury Annex, three houses for the Veterans' Bureau Building, two for the Cham-

NEXT week we shall present to our readers what we believe to be one of the most noteworthy articles published anywhere in recent months. It is by Frederick M. Davenport, Representative in Congress from the Thirty-third New York District and Professor of Law and Politics in Hamilton College. In going to the root of the question it discusses it is radical. In pointing out the need of laying permanent foundations of policy it is conservative. It concerns every reader who uses electric power for lighting his home, or running his factory, or for any other purpose. And it concerns every one who has invested money in public utilities employing electric power. As Mr. Davenport points out, the right use of this power is as important as the question of prohibition, for it affects the creature comforts and the fortunes of all our people. That control will be determined by what the Nation does with the power plants at such key positions as Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, Columbia River, and the St. Lawrence. The question Mr. Davenport discusses concerns everybody from financier to farmer, from wage-earner to manufacturer, from clerk to capitalist.—THE EDITORS.

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ber of Commerce. As a museum of memories Lafayette Square has already been hurt past healing. True it is that every one of the old houses remaining has been occupied by a famous man, some of them by so many famous men that the commemorative bronze plates would practically cover the walls.

MOST of the remaining old buildings are on the west side of the square, and it is on the west side of the square, near Pennsylvania Avenue, that the new State Department Building will ultimately rise, it is said. Here, it is charged, the "cold storage" effort is making.

Here, fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, but running back along the west side of the square, stand the Lee mansion and the Blair mansion, in one of which—authorities are not agreed, though the Blair mansion has the bronze tablet—General Winfield Scott, as official spokesman for President Lincoln, offered the command of the Union armies to Robert E. Lee. In the Blair mansion, too, President Filmore attended the wedding of General William T. Sherman.

But why go on? Every house in the square that is old enough could be all plastered over with tablets commemorative of well-known men who have had to do with it. All of that does not change the fact that around Lafayette Square are the logical sites for some of the more important Government buildings, now that the dream of l'Enfant is in a fair way of realization. The appropriation thus far authorized provides for purchase only of sites in the triangle south of Pennsylvania Avenue, but other appropriations will come.

MEANWHILE, the public will probably not be overly much concerned with the claims of those who would buy the land too cheap and those who would sell it too dear. There is only one building in the square, old St. John's Church, on the north side, that really cannot be spared for the new and larger purpose.

Belgium Leads the Way

By ÉMILE VANDERVELDE

Belgian Foreign Minister

THE Belgo-Chinese Treaty of 1865 gave alone to the Belgian Government the right to denounce it, and at the expiration of each period of ten years.

Before the date (October 27, 1927) when this decennial period should expire, the Peking Government having indicated a desire for new treaties on the basis of equality and reciprocity, the Belgian Government rejoined that it was entirely favorable from the instant when China's interior situation should be cleared, its exterritorial and customs conferences having ended their labors. Meanwhile it was disposed to put an end to the "unequal treaty" of 1865 by concluding a *modus vivendi* assuring to Belgium the most-favored-nation treatment in respect to customs and consular jurisdiction.

On these bases the Peking Government accepted this proposal—but only for a six or nine months' period. Of course, this would expose the Brussels Government to the risk of finding itself, after such a lapse of time, without either treaty or *modus vivendi.*

IN such a situation, then, on its own motion, the Chinese Government proclaimed the abrogation of the 1865 treaty. Relying on the text of treaty Article 46, the Belgian Government appealed to the Hague Court.

Since then, however, the two Governments have agreed (1) that Belgium, reserving her rights, should ask the Hague Court to suspend the procedure begun, and (2) that negotiations for a new treaty be commenced at Peking.

These negotiations started on January 19, 1927.

At the opening session, as a pledge of friendship to China, the Belgian Government declared its intention of renouncing sovereign rights in its Tientsin concession. The Chinese Foreign Minister, Mr. Wellington Koo, warmly thanked the Belgians for this.

In continuing the negotiations, our Government, firmly resolved not to mix in any way in China's internal affairs, has held to the policy of officially informing Mr. Eugene Chen, the Cantonese leader, of the progress of conferences interesting to all China.

AS to our attitude towards Canton, I defined it recently in an exposition to the Belgian Chamber of Deputies in these terms:

> I do not share the prejudices which exist in many places concerning the Government of Canton. In the Anglo-French press it is represented as a simple branch of the Soviet Republics. On the contrary, I see in it the expression of a great national movement, supported by the Bolsheviks, as they support all movements of this sort in Asia. Theirs, however, was not the initiative and they are far from possessing the control.

I am by no means ignorant of the fact that Belgium's attitude in the treaty question has not failed to cause some inquietude in certain quarters. In an article, written on the morrow of our decision, the Paris "Temps" attributed it to the Belgian Foreign Minister's Socialist idealism.

Doubtless indeed our decision conforms to principles which, in the Chinese question, Socialists and Laborites of every country have not ceased to defend. But the whole Belgian Government, in accord with the chief representatives of our interests in China, has in this affair taken an attitude which seemed to command the support of a small country like ours, having no hidden political designs and no other guaranty than the Chinese people's friendliness in the development of their economic interests.

Surely, in 1914 we Belgians were too much menaced in our indpendence not to have the most profound respect for other peoples' independence and for their right to dispose of themselves.

Concerning the principles affirmed in the recent British memorandum, I can only repeat what I said on this subject in the Belgian Parliament:

> The principles it affirms, the policy it proposes, the measures of immediate application it suggests, show a breadth of view, a spirit of peace and conciliation, and a desire to meet the national aspirations of the Chinese people which one cannot sufficiently admire and approve.
>
> The British Empire appeals to the solidarity of the other Powers not to impose the maintenance of treaties which have lived their day, but to revise and readjust them and to adapt them to the just exigencies of a people which wishes to be treated as equal and sovereign.

May these principles find, as soon as possible, their application in deeds. This is my most ardent wish.

Brussels, February 1, 1927.

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The Gladstone Tradition[1]

A Recollection of the Commoner's Last Years

By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

MANY years ago—it was shortly after Gladstone died—I fulfilled a boyhood ambition. I paid a visit to Hawarden Castle. My father, always a sturdy Liberal, had been a great admirer of Gladstone, and in many a wonderful Sunday evening discussion of our boyhood at home Gladstone was ever held up to us and enthusiastically embraced as the great political ideal. I was returning for the summer vacation from Trinity, Dublin, to our home in Leeds, when I first visited Hawarden. Then, as now, the Irish Limited Mail made the first important stop on its run from Holyhead, at Chester, and at Chester on this lovely summer morning I stopped off, and took the branch line to Hawarden, some nine miles away.

A great Latin scholar whose books I used to read years ago remarks, somewhere, that he never could change stations at Lausanne without emotion, because it was in Lausanne that Gibbon wrote his "Decline and Fall." I was reminded of this as I left the train at Hawarden on that summer morning; reminded of it again as I entered the old village church and, sitting in a pew half-way up the aisle, listened to the silence and looked upon the famous lectern from which the Grand Old Man had so often read the Sunday lessons; reminded of it in a curious wave of understanding as, an hour or so later, walking through the park, I caught my first view of Hawarden Castle.

Gladstone at that time, it is safe to say, held a position in the affections of Englishmen almost unique in history. Few men in the course of their political careers have made more political enemies; few men, fewer personal ones. True, there always was an intransigent minority who hated Gladstone both personally and politically; but as time went on, and—his last great fight at the age of eighty-four in behalf of Home Rule for Ireland fought and lost—the great protagonist of all manner of great causes finally withdrew from the political field, animosities steadily softened and were gradually lost in an atmosphere of profound respect and personal attachment.

In its heart of hearts, the English people took a personal pride in the home life at Hawarden. It was so nearly ideal. The Grand Old Man, with the devoted wife of his early manhood still the devoted wife of his old age, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, going on his way serenely, surrendering nothing of the activity of life,

[1] See editorial comment.

Underwood & Underwood

William Ewart Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone surrounded by their family

Can any reader identify all or any others of this group? We should be glad to hear from any who can.

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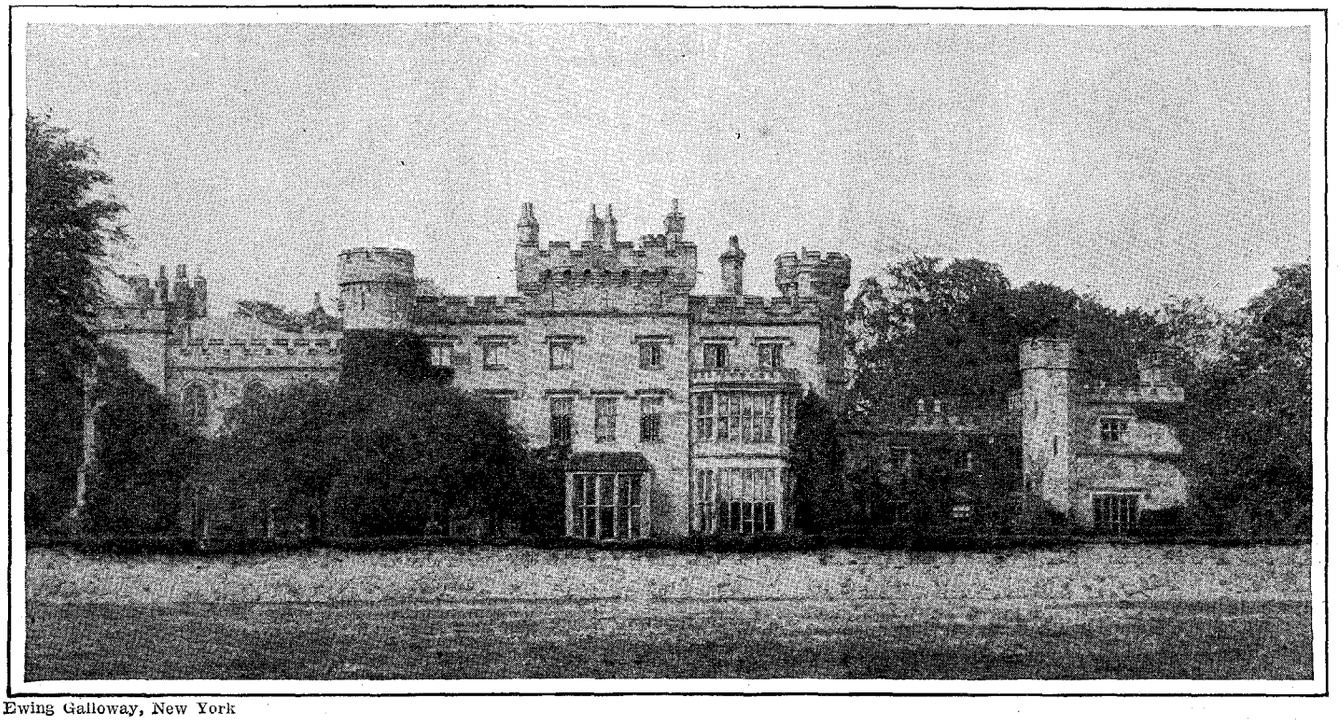

Ewing Galloway, New York

Hawarden Castle—the home of William Ewart Gladstone

accepting calmly its changes, but remaining active to the end. England, in those closing years, loved to hear of the old scholar studying and annotating his Homer or bringing out a new edition of Butler's "Analogy;" listening to good music, always one of his delights; interested in everything and everybody; walking, driving, talking; cutting down trees—with Mrs. Gladstone, the cherished companion of his long life, never very far away.

Then there was Dorothy Drew, the favorite granddaughter, and William E. Gladstone, the favorite grandson, destined, years after, to fall in the Great War. Everything about the Gladstone family seemed to the Englishman strangely ideal. "Punch," which had often dealt hardly with him, grew kindlier and kindlier; and when, less than two years before his death, he suddenly emerged from his honored retirement and addressed a vast audience at Liverpool in behalf of the suffering Armenians, the whole country leaped to its feet with enthusiasm and threw its hat in the air. Lord Derby, a noted Tory, presided over the meeting, and the speakers who took part in it represented both of the great political parties. It was known that Gladstone delivered this speech, his last important public pronouncement, under a weight of physical suffering; and thence onwards, month by month, the whole nation evinced an eagerness for any news as to how he was faring. Gradually it became known that the trouble from which he was suffering was one from which he could not recover; and from that time onwards the strange scene was witnessed of a whole nation standing by and privileged to see the serenity with which a just man can meet the last enemy.

As Justin McCarthy very truly remarks, not often in history has a great man lain so long under the shadow of what appeared to be an imminent death. Most of the great Englishmen of modern days died, it might almost be said, suddenly—died, at all events, in such a manner that the world abroad hardly knew of any serious illness until it learned that the illness had ended in death. Sir Robert Peel died by a sudden accident; Lord Palmerston left the House at the close of one session, in what seemed to be his usual health, and never was seen in London again; the public did not know that the last illness of Earl Russell was to be his last until the news went abroad that all was over; Cobden died after a short period of prostration; so, too, did his friend Bright; and Disraeli lingered but a few days comparatively from the time when he was stricken down; but through the whole winter of 1897 and on into the spring of 1898 the world was watching, in spirit at least, over Gladstone the invalid; and week after week, and month after month, hopes kept rising and sinking.

Letters poured into Hawarden from all parts of the world; resolutions from parliaments and peoples and all manner of societies. There was nothing sorrowful about it, as I recollect, but something strangely uplifting. The whole world seemed to want to pass his way, to shake his hand and to wish him God-speed. Everything seemed to be in its place. There was no hurry or scramble, and when the end finally came, in the early morning of May 19, 1898, it was with a strange sense of fitness that England realized it was Ascension Day.

All this and much more passed through my mind as I sat that day under the trees in Hawarden Park. I have often thought of it since. As the picture has receded into the distance of years, it has taken its place among the thousands of clear impressions which go to make up a life and which most of us do not expect or desire to change. Every now and again it has been recalled to me—a picture of the Grand Old Man still occupying the place of honor in some old English inn; a reading once more of some famous passage from Morley's famous Life—a trick of memory, a scene, a word, a sentence, and the Gladstone tradition has been upon me once again, and I have felt the better for the visit.

Some two years ago I called on Lord Gladstone, in London, and I was struck, as I talked with him, by the love and reverence which seemed to be evoked at any mention of Gladstone's name. In this attitude, so it seemed to me, the son was but still reflecting the feeling of the English people as a whole. The Gladstone tradition is surely well and truly founded, and, all the Captain Peter Wrights in the world notwithstanding, will surely survive.

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Selling Sin

By Don C. Seitz

EVER since Eve ate the apple in Eden there has been a good market for sin—not necessarily among sinners. Indeed, it is safe to say that a large share of the customers come from excellent people, who are curious to see what Satan is like and pay high prices for first-night seats. Theatrical managers have discerned this habit, and many cater to it. So long as one or two daring things a season are produced all goes well. The dramatic critics, if favorably disposed, mention them with admiration as expressions of art, and liberal-minded editors like Oswald Garrison Villard deplore any demand that may arise for censorship. Then the season ends and the immoralities become dormant.

Sometimes, however, the thing is overdone. New York has just found itself too liberally supplied with illuminated vice. It could stand "Desire Under the Elms" as a tragic depiction of moron New England, but when it came to selling sin wholesale the authorities woke up—not from an impelling agitation by clergymen, but from a sense of nausea. Companies of actors and actresses have been arrested and there is a loud cry for legislative restriction of some sort. England has a system of censorship that seems to work. Here the very word "censor" starts a howl.

How, then, should we view the question of publicly peddling infractions of the moral laws? Is there not a dividing line that should be respected? The surgeon who bares the body of a woman does it to save her life. The showman who bares it does so to sell her soul. The painter who uses his brush to create a great figure out of inspiration is entitled to his right in art; yet if he prostituted his genius to sell a lascivious picture he ought to be in jail.

The free-for-all declare that nothing is so dangerous to liberty as discrimination. Is this so? Cannot it be demonstrated in all fairness whether a play is Art or Prostitution? It certainly can be. It gets down to the point at once whether the offensive thing is designed to make money or to express some one's belief that a great dramatic point is being developed. The foreground of "Virginius" told plainly enough a tale of baseness. The tragedy purified it. Endless examples could be cited without difficulty.

Nothing can be more discreditable to the dramatic profession than the deliberate production of plays that are vile for the purpose of attracting audiences and making money. The drama as devised by the old Greeks had a high purpose. That high purpose still has a place in human affairs. It is there that the modern drama belongs. Back-fence vulgarity, the indecencies of the corner loafer, the coarseness of criminals, have no place on the stage. To say that such things exhibit life as it is is not true. They do not. The percentage of the good, the beautiful, and the true in nature and life can be safely set at 99 per cent. Why should it be besmirched by sellers of sin, whose only object is to fill their unclean pockets?

A Debt-Solution Suggestion

By Irving T. Bush

THE other day I sat beside one of the most successful publishers in the United States. We were lunching in his private dining-room, and, in company with half a dozen other men all of them successful in their particular line of work, were idly discussing the debts due the United States from Europe. My friend, the publisher, has a clear mind and a wide experience with the world. In the course of our discussion he made a statement which so impressed me that I have been thinking about it whenever I have had the courage to think about our debt problem. He said: "To me there is something immoral about debts between nations the payments of which extend over a long period of years, and must inevitably affect negotiations between the representatives of those nations."

I had never thought of the matter in just that way, but since then I have seen the specter of the war debt peering over the shoulders of statesmen gathered about their council tables for generations to come, and I have wondered if that was a healthy thing, until I have become convinced that it is unhealthy to the point of being charged with danger for our future. This may sound as though I was arguing in favor of cancellation. I am not. In fact, I am not thinking in terms of how much any nation owes or does not owe to us. I am content to leave the determination of that troublesome detail to the representatives of the nations involved. Some day an agreement will be reached. The question I am asking is, "What then?" Must our Government sit at each council table for generations to come as the debt collector of the world, or can some way be found to take that burden from our shoulders and yet preserve our just rights.

MY friend went on to outline his idea that the international debt slate should be wiped clean, except whatever amount it was finally determined the people of Germany could pay, and that bonds for this amount be given by Germany to the Allies in Europe, and by them turned over to the United States in full payment of their debt to us.

The next step in his program was to have these bonds sold to American investors, and thus take our Government out of the debt-collecting business.

I liked the basic idea immensely, but I am not convinced that the method outlined by my friend is either practical or desirable. In the first place, one of the unpleasant things which has been said by people in Europe when they have wanted to say unpleasant things has been that all of the money which they are to receive from Germany is to be paid over to us, and that we are the only ones who have benefited from the war. I have a hazy idea that no one has benefited from the war, and a little more definite idea that we have succeeded in giving an impression to the people of Europe which is most unfair to the people of the United States. I cannot, therefore, give very enthusiastic support to a plan which turns over to us all of the obligation assumed by Germany, and makes us appear to be the only ones who get anything out of the debt settlement.

I AM not so set in my convictions that I cannot recognize changed conditions when they occur. It seems to me

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that things have changed, and that certain elements of common sense are being lost sight of. We live in an economic world, and international debts are a business problem. While this is true, it has been extremely difficult for our able representatives on the Debt Funding Commission to reconcile their very real desire to be considerate to our friends in Europe with a reasonable business treatment of the problem.

Much of the money advanced after the Armistice undoubtedly was used to pay obligations incurred during the war, but it is also true that some of the money advanced before the Armistice was used for purposes which had no direct connection with the actual prosecution of the war. It is almost impossible to divide the debt into two parts—war debt and peace debt. It is, however, useless to discuss these points. No one is ever convinced by such a discussion except the man making the argument. There are those who believe all debts should be canceled, and another school which believes they should all be paid. I think it is better to agree that they are both right, and center our attention upon the undoubted economic fact that the only debts which are likely to be paid are those which the debtor is capable of paying, and to arrange that payments we receive come in a way which makes clear to every one the fairness of the transaction.

From our standpoint, the trouble so far is not with what we have done, but with the way we have done it. We have managed to do a generous thing in a manner which has made us look ungenerous to others. Our talk of "capacity to pay" has a hard sound. We have not meant to be hard, but we have done our best to appear so. We were not responsible for the phrase "capacity to pay." It was found in the Versailles Treaty and laid on our doorstep. We innocently adopted it. To us it did not mean an ungenerous settlement, taking from a debtor to the limit of his capacity. We interpreted it to mean a settlement based upon a generous consideration of all the elements involved. The phrase was unfortunate, however, and many believe we demand the utmost farthing it is possible to obtain. Having gone so far in our generosity, it might have been better to have gone a little farther. Certainly, the United States would be placed in a much more pleasant light if we had canceled a few millions more and completely wiped out the debt for money loaned during hostilities, leaving only the debt contracted since the Armistice, to be funded at a fair rate of interest. If there is any difference in the amount we would receive under such an arrangement, it is trifling. Besides, we are more likely to be paid an amount which bears on its face evidence of our generosity. Instead, we seem to exact our pound of flesh. This is nobody's fault. Our Funding Commission has done a fine, considerate job. It is just one of those unfortunate accidents in long-distance negotiating between two sensitive peoples.

The essential thing is to adopt a method which will provide an interest rate that will make it possible to sell to private investors such bonds as we may ultimately receive, and thus take them out of the hands of Government, and put them where they belong, in the strong boxes of private investors. This is the goal to keep always in mind.

If such a plan is desirable, how can it be brought about? The first step is to call a conference at the right time—whenever that may be determined to be—for the purpose of suggesting a method by which the ownership of debt securities can be transferred from nations to individuals. Every one, including Germany, should be a part of such a conference. The German settlement was the reverse of common sense. It was a splendid achievement, under the circumstances. The Dawes Commission was without power to determine how much Germany should pay, but only how payments should be made. The result was an indeterminate obligation, subject to change, which may go on the rocks, and is certain to breed trouble some time. No one is certain of anything, except that misunderstanding is inevitable sooner or later. But if a conference is to be called, who will call it, and how will it be constituted? The recent proposal of the Columbia University professors served the useful purpose of making people think about a conference, but it did not point a definite way. A "Conference of Interested Parties" would merely mean cutting up the interests of the most interested party. The American representatives would be very lonely in a hostile crowd. The professors also hurt their case by what came very close to being an argument of controversial matter. A conference, if called, must be impartial, or it cannot be just, and it should not be composed of politicians, but of business men and bankers who gather around a table with the intention of advising methods which they would adopt if their own affairs were in the same kind of a mess. The only mandatory power should be to suggest a way by which the debts between governments can be made safe for private investors and passed on to them. It may not be the opportune time just now, but we can think ahead a little and have a program before us.

If we are to have such a conference, it must be suggested by some one. The United States is the wealthiest nation. It has a large interest—perhaps the largest interest—in the problem. We are a generous people who are placed before the world in an ungenerous light. We should take the first step. We may well say to France that when final agreement has been reached as to the amount to be paid we will call a conference to consider steps to take all governments out of the business of owning securities, and to thus relieve the strain upon government finance by finding a way to transfer them to private investors. Such an arrangement should help France, for it would provide a way to cash the obligation assumed by Germany.

If the conference be called and a way is suggested for the permanent funding of debts at current interest rates, how are the securities to be taken out of government hands and transferred to private ownership? One way is to place them in the hands of international bankers of all countries, with instructions to sell as opportunity offers and to remit the proceeds to the government entitled to them.

This would not be an immensely difficult task. The amount involved is, of course, large, but there are investors in every country in the world who would willingly purchase such securities if they were the result of an arrangement which would make their status certain. There are, of course, many details. Cross-entries between certain nations might wipe a part of the debts off the international books. There is precedent also for a guaranty of the obligation of certain nations, and much can be said in favor of having the war debt turned into a peace debt represented by bonds bearing the indorsement of all of the nations involved. Such an obligation in the hands of the investors of the world would be a more gentle visitor at international council tables than the specter of a war debt.

It would not require new capital to absorb all of the securities issued. In the United States, for instance, money paid to the trustees for their purchase would be turned over to the United States Government and used for the retirement of Liberty Bonds. This would merely be a change on the part of the investor from one security to another, and would result in the reduction of the Government debt, and therefore in the

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tax for the purpose of paying interest upon such debt.

The net result would be to organize international debts upon a business basis and to transfer their ownership from government treasuries, where they are a source of irritation, to private investors, where they can provoke no ill will.

PERHAPS somebody else can suggest a better way to accomplish such a result. If so, more power to him. While sitting on the international fence chewing a straw, with a friendly and good-natured interest in the troubles of the world, I have become convinced that it is time to again let a group of business men get around a table to determine the common sense of the situation. This does not mean cancellation. It is readjustment, to eliminate ill feeling between governments and misunderstanding between peoples, and for investments to be owned by investors. It will exorcise the specter at international good-will feasts, lay at permanent rest the most troublesome skeleton in our international closet.

The Destiny of Russia[1]

The Intellectuals and the Peasants

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

THE Russian poet, Tutcheff, said in one of his poems that "one cannot understand Russia by the mind or reason; one can only have faith in her." The intellectuals of Russia were fond of repeating this aphorism, seeing in it an excuse for all Russia's shortcomings and the calamities that overtook the nation.

It is certainly not easy to understand thoroughly the life and character of the Russian people, but it is equally certain that if the *intelligentsia* had ever exerted themselves to wield a really helpful and uplifting influence on the masses Russia's social and political progress would not have become mired in the bog of revolution. Their influence, especially that of the later Russian writers, on the life of the people was great. That it was a negative influence is a sorrowful fact which events have proved.

If the intellectual class of Russia, liberal as it was in its beliefs and actuated by high political ideals, had ever worked out a unified and practical program for the benefit of the people to whose aspirations it professed to be devoted, it could have averted the deluge which engulfed it together with the rest of the nation. To-day we find the *intelligentsia* of old Russia scattered to the four corners of the world, swept away by the same hurricane that crumbled the political life of a great country and leaving a nation almost barren of an entire class which for centuries had been thought to be its intellectual bulwark.

THAT significant fact raises a question of political and psychological interest: If a great nation can in a few years practically exterminate its intellectuals and replace them with a group of politicians, of what value, then, were the famous Russian *intelligentsia* to the nation, so weak that it could neither prevent nor stop the revolt of its people? The answer is obvious. That value, in its political sense, was nil.

A man struggling in the water and about to go down needs something more than dispassionate advice from philosophers on the river bank. Russia's intellectuals, when not disputing among themselves on what could be done to save the drowning man or speculating on his prospects of reaching the shore, threw out to him life-lines of cobweb. They wove their finely spun theories while the peasants struggled on.

This great instability of the intellectual leaders, their lack of a common program, their failure to work out and unite on a political doctrine suitable for the nation, and the feebleness of their disjointed efforts helped bring on the chaos which their gifts and positions of influence could have averted. The fact that the intellectual class, with tremendous influence at its command, failed to use that influence wisely or rise to its opportunities heightens the tragedy of the Revolution.

WHAT was the main source of this disunity and instability of a great group composed individually of many men who were capable, high-minded, and sincere? It can be traced essentially to Russian literature. The philosophical, spiritual, and political ideas of the great writers had for the most part no vital foundation on the realities of Russian life. Russian readers never found in the books of their great writers any sound political ideas that they could grasp. Philosophical speculations contained in the works were beyond their comprehension. All that they did grasp was a realization of wrong. The ideas of the later great writers filtered through the social strata, stimulating unrest and discontent, but offering in relief nothing more substantial than dreamy wisps of hope that ended in the clouds. Thus they assiduously tilled the ground for the seed of Socialist propaganda, and their successors reaped the whirlwind.

Idealism and impracticality were the twin sisters of the literature of Russia. Novelists, historians, journalists, and philosophers all were repeating the same liberal sentiments, dreaming of the new freedom and the new happiness, without realizing how hard must be the work and how gradual the process to attain them. They implanted in the minds of the masses a vague hope, but showed them no way to achieve it.

When Russian literature flowered in the genius of Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoievsky, the literary influence was at its peak. It supplanted the religious and the political influences, the two other currents that formed the intellectual class. The liberal ideas of the French Revolution, though they had their origin in philosophy and literature, had been interesting to Russia mostly in their political aspects. But the influence of the later Russian writers was anti-political. Opposition to the Government, accusal and protest against every institution, against every form of power, and against every man-made law was the theme of most of the writers of that era. No suggestion for reform, practicable in the life of the Russian people, was ever offered. The influence was devastatingly destructive.

IN many of its manifestations this influence was more than anti-political. It was also anti-religious. It helped rob the Russian people of their faith. Many of the so-called liberal writers boasted of having no religion at all. Turgenev was one of those non-believers, and there were many others—Chekoff, Zlotovrotsky, and Uspensky among them—all helping to batter down the people's citadel of faith. My father was the greatest

[1] Another article by Count Tolstoy under the same general title appeared in the issue for February 9.

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idealist of all. He was deeply religious in his old age, though completely anti-political. Dostoievsky also in his later days clung to the Greek Orthodox Church. Nevertheless the anti-religious propaganda of the intellectuals strengthened antagonism toward the State and the Church, which were closely joined.

In the time of Nicholas II a strong and important social movement was making itself felt. It manifested itself in the formation of openly confessed political groups preparing Russia for her new political life. After the unfortunate war with Japan the intellectual leaders had their moment of great opportunity. They asserted themselves, it is true, but the attempt was abortive. The lack of unity that had always characterized them was again apparent. The leadership dissipated itself in controversy and in discord, and ended, of course, in failure.

During the formation of the first three Dumas, when I took part in the new political life of Russia, there had been created about a dozen different political parties, from the ultra-monarchists at the Right to the less numerous radical Communists or Bolsheviks at the Left. I belonged to the party of the moderate constitutionalists, or the Octobrists, which name was taken from the liberal manifesto of Nicholas II given to Russia in that month. The Octobrists, though composed of some capable men, and though they triumphed for a time, could not save the situation. It had become too chaotic. The Octobrists were a party purely aristocratic, lacking not only numbers but the necessary democratic spirit to win wide support. I realized that the party's future was hopeless, and I left it just before I could be elected as a Deputy.

Russia's need was imperative. The times cried for a united leadership. But the call was unanswered. Party dissensions blocked the way to a common program as a strong central rallying point. While parties debated and struggled with one another the nation drifted to the abyss.

THE Great War came, and then the Revolution. The intellectual class was almost wiped out. The nobles, with many brilliant minds among them, perished in masses. The most liberal of the pre-war intellectual class—the artists, writers, teachers, lawyers, and professional men—fled, though many remained, adapting themselves by necessity to the new régime. The Czarist merchants, wealthy and educated, who were not killed escaped. Few of them remained. The former employers, the "Tchinovniki," were shot or imprisoned; some of them escaped. The priests stayed to endure years of persecution.

The peasants took heart from hope of ownership—but it is hope deferred

One tries to cling to a belief that this terrible sacrifice was necessary as a lesson for the future of mankind. But all revolutions come as a revolt of ignorance and lack of understanding of the laws of life. They are all pernicious, and all could be avoided with more knowledge and more light. Once they have occurred, one can only hope that they were a necessary evil leading to inevitable progress.

The three million refugees now away from their native land belonged almost all to the intellectual class. Their economic degradation was swift and severe. One finds many of them now at menial tasks. But the flower of that genius has not been crushed entirely. Transplanted, it has been stifled, but not killed.

Occupied with their own struggle for daily existence, these refugees have neither the time nor the means to rally to any new or immediate call for their nation's salvation. No serious political movement is possible among the refugees, no welding of this once great class into a powerful unit of intellectual strength such as they had failed to organize before. Politically, if politics still interests them, they are as divided as before.

In Soviet Russia the intellectual class can now be divided into three groups: the first, the intellectuals who stayed, even though secretly hostile to the Bolshevik system; second, the educated priests; and, third, the Communists, who are and must be all anti-religious. There is perhaps a new and fourth group, the Bolshevist class of small *bourgeois*. Those, together with some educated workmen and peasants, constitute about all the intellectual strength to-day upon which Russia must rely for her reconstruction. If ever a Moses arises to lead Russia out of the wilderness, there is no doubt that all the parties, including the Communists and the Czarists, will unite and follow him. But such a voice and such an inspiration must come from Russia's heart itself.

IN the meantime, what of the people who threw off the old leadership and took on the new? What of the great promises, the millennial hopes, held out to them? To the intellectual class the Revolution was doom; to the masses it was hope. Has the terrible sacrifice of a great class been justified by a gain in human happiness of greater numbers? What great dream has been fulfilled for the approximately 115,000,000 peasants who form eighty-five per cent of the Russian population?

Under Bolshevism, the peasant received the lands of the landlords and part of the crown lands. Many former workmen and dwellers in towns returned to the soil. All the land was nationalized. The peasant got the land, not as private property, but in life tenure, with the right to pass it to his heirs, who in turn held it in life tenure. The Soviet land surveyors performed a great and temporarily useful work in making the

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new distribution and partition of land throughout the country.

But that is all that has happened. The peasant lives as he lived before, in communities and villages. As before, he continues to emigrate by thousands to Siberia, satisfying his nomadic instincts in the quest for better possibilities. The peasants are living in the same darkness and under a new terror and despotism. Most of them do not realize what would be a more practical form of existence. The Soviet Government does not seem to understand them either, thus leaving the most important problem unsolved.

The great reform which should have been made a century ago, but has not been made even as yet, is to parcel the peasant communities as separate farms and small units of farms together, on the basis of private property, and with a rational arrangement of those farms so as to make it more convenient for the small agriculturist to till and look after his property. The lands of the peasants are scattered sometimes for miles away from their villages. They are in different lots, all far apart from one another.

But the chief reason why the small agriculturist could not advance was that he was not master of his lots, that he could not easily join them or sell or buy them. He is not master of his lots now. The Russian peasant has never manifested so great a tendency toward private property as he does now. He wants to have it as his own.

Private ownership of land seems to me to be the foundation of a healthy economic life. Without private ownership of land and free exchange of that land, no country can progress. Collective and helpful work can be done only when the individuals are fit and capable enough to do it. The first condition of individual power is property possession. When they possess their own money, goods, or land, then only can they work together. One cannot oppose the collective activity of the Russian peasants, or of any one else, as long as that activity is free and voluntary, without pressure from the outside. The Russian *artels* and later co-operative work no doubt has been greatly useful and beneficial for Russia, and will continue to be so. But first and foremost always will be the need for private ownership as the basis for any reform.

The Soviet Government buys tractors and modern farm machinery to help the peasants. It supplies a great mechanical need. But the need that arises from the peasant's heart, the desire to own the land that he tills, that need has not been met. No wonder that the peasants are again restive, and even openly defiant of the despotism of the Communists, who, only a million or less in number, hold in their fists the rest of the Russian nation!

Edward and the Scriptures

By Edward's Mother

My son's attitude toward the orthodox religion has not even the merit of blasphemy. Blasphemy at least attributes enough importance to the subject blasphemed to be melodramatic about it. Christianity connotes for Edward, who is thirteen, simply a deep, embarrassed distaste, as at gentle, pedantic dullness that must be listened to, plus the exactions of "more school"—on a day of rest—that must be endured. A chill, hostile pall falls over his sunlight at thought of the words "Bible, church, God, religion." They form a weight, a mass of tradition, that no leverage of eccentric, "different" parental opinion, somewhat hesitant, anyway, about interference with orthodox teaching, can quite contrive to lift.

"The thing *I* don't like about Christ," he informed me soberly, one day, without irreverent intent, "is he's so everlastingly 'perfect.' So 'meek.' That's what they keep sayin'. Do you like a person that's so *meek* and perfect?"

I reeled a trifle, but rallied sufficiently to instance the scourging of the moneylenders out of the Temple with a whip. Nothing especially "meek" about that. Or about the philippics against the scribes and Pharisees—the whole policy of free speech which led to outlawry and crucifixion. Edward was silenced, indeed somewhat intrigued by the novel point of view, but for the most part my efforts to kindle a spark of religious enthusiasm in him had been like those of the experimenter trying to light a candle in a chilly void. It wouldn't light.

I confess it staggers me, the nonchalant and total indifference of these Edwards. For, though my probe had been limited, I cannot believe him distinct from his fellows in this regard; nor is the matter entirely an affair of chronology—a mere thirteen-year-old point of view.

Sunday school they find "not so bad." There are attendance contests, birthdays, picnics, and fellow-sufferers. But church —"Gee!"

I remember once when there was a special children's service. Now, thought I, there will be response from these youngsters. No lugubrious hymns this time—all bright, martial ones. No long-winded prayers (the term is Edward's). No clerical pomposity; no incomprehensible service, with its erratic risings up and sittings down. And perhaps all the windows will be open!

Edward's sole comment upon the event was occasioned by a picture on his missionary mite box, rendered up, reluctantly, at that time. There was this picture on the paper wrapper which exerted upon him an untoward fascination. It was intended to represent the horrors of idolatry as an urge to beneficence. It showed a woman and a few little naked East Indian children, all kowtowing solemnly before a wooden freak of nature with a calf's head and some other animal's hind legs, while near by danced, with a rattle of sorts in one hand, a *spotted* man minus wearing apparel! Obviously the priest. That spotted man, despite all I could do, had Edward's tranced attention throughout the children's sermon. He was immensely taken with him. I could trace his influence in Edward's wondering query: "Why do we wanta go convert heathen? The heathen get a heap more satisfaction outa their religion than *we* do, seems to me." Which, as an attitude, was at the same time informative and appalling.

I decided to approach the difficulty, now that Edward had reached the age of reason, from the angle of inspirational literature. Never having made much headway with Bible stories, I determined on a private better-Bible-stories movement as the first step. One summer I tackled with ingenuous confidence the problem of the subcutaneous injection of moral and religious fluid drawn from the sacred wells.

But, oh, my friends, what a Sisyphus task was—is—there!

I had gone to the job direct and bustling; hunted down, through many recommended newer versions, what seemed to me a peculiarly rational rendition of the Bible for children, by George Hodges, in which, for example, fleeing Jews did not cross the Red Sea by

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miraculous intervention, but by a ford at low tide, missed at high tide in the fog by the heavy war chariots of their pursuers. Sensible. Likely. Edward admitted it, and flagged half-way. "Too much God in it." A prejudiced observation.

For one thing, the competition of thrilling secular literature, far better written, is too keen. For another, from a long-growing habit of wariness, acquired in Sunday school, Edward cynically scents an ulterior motive to *make him good*—and the game is up! Moreover, while he would swallow dragons, chimæræ, and minotaurs without a blink of incredulity ("Didn't they used to have dinosaurs and things?"), the New Testament miracles were met with a skeptical grimace. They did not appeal, as described and interpreted by faithful dogmatists, fearful of straying out of correct Scriptural confines. Neither did the "Children's Bible," new and beautifully illustrated, appeal, nor any of the other books found.

Now, mark you, this same lad will sneak soundlessly out of his bed at night, seize a flashlight, and sit up till the battery goes dead to read the children's Iliad or Howard Pyle's Arthurian series unless detected, corrected, or put upon his honor not to so offend against the stupid laws of sanity and sleep. There is plenty of available faith, ardor, and idealism to draw upon here. But it isn't drawn upon. At any rate, not by the official representatives and propagandists of religion whom Edward has encountered.

SLIGHTLY dampened by defeat in my first engagement, I brought up literary reinforcements and attacked the problem again, this time with some measure of success, but by a method of indirection, which seems all wrong and should be quite unnecessary.

One of my reserves was a golden book of old legends, rewritten by Darton and called "The Seven Champions of Christendom"—St. George, St. Denis, and the rest of them battling valiantly with "Paynims" for the Sepulchre. *They* struck a spark. Galahad, though a redoubtable warrior and the son of Launcelot, was too austere and remote for Edward's cheerful, earthy comprehension. But Launcelot and the other Round Table knights, questing through fire and flood for the Grail; Richard's crusaders, storming the Holy City; van Dyke's brawny bishop with the stout ax arm, who hewed down Druid oaks to the confounding of Thor; Canton's fierce sons of Christ (Briton, Roman, and Dane) who baptized scared heathen with a hammer in one hand—these were apostles who fired Edward's youthful soul.

I wonder what pacifists really know about the inbred bellicosity of boys? And what will they do to purge the world's records of the blood on them—blood that calls to the hot fluid of youth as to its own?

I distinguished three main trends of impulse in him: the predatory (food); the acquisitive (possessions); and the belligerent (conduct). It was to belligerence, then, that a creed must appeal. And Edward acquired a creed. It was, quite simply, that if a man, a saint, or a god is any good he'll *fight* for something, and if a cause is any good it's worth fighting for.

A GOOD enough creed for youth, in a stage of world uncivilization still adolescent too. Admitted. Then why feed this hero worship an adult and misunderstood theology of "meekness," abstinence, prayer, and pacifism? Why not hold aloft, like a battle standard, the spectacle of one Man whipping the mighty Roman Empire to its knees, though he be crucified to do it?

Some radical shift of focus and freshening of thought is needed, the application of the secular imagination—a Howard Pyle for the Scriptures. The material lies there: gorgeous, barbaric Orientalism—the savagery of Jael above the dead Sisera; perfectly good pirate and shipwreck stories—Paul's wanderings in the Mediterranean; the courage and hardihood of Christ, the minority leader, revolutionist, and martyr. But a sacerdotal taboo seems to rest upon that magic material, frightening off genius. Mark Twain, humorist and scoffer, gives us all, old and young, Joan of Arc in a tragic miracle of prose that sets our pulses hammering to the bugles of God. We may take children to hear "Parsifal," and sit stricken with awe as that high, unearthly singing that preludes the Grail quivers in the tower. Our youngsters, eyes aglow, will thrill to the berserk rage of old Olaf, the Christianized viking, defying, in night and tempest at sea, the thunderbolts of Thor the Vengeful, cheated of his sons by Christ.

Yet no tale-teller with fire in his veins, or music, or the gift of molten speech, rises in his place to give us Christ the Immortal; and sinful, beautiful David; and Solomon the Magnificent, wiser than old Omar, more sensual than any Caliph of Bagdad, with a thousand Scheherezades to tell him tales at night.

"But," cries the religious fraternity, shocked at the idea of lay interpretations, "it *has* been given us—all that—once and for all time in the Book of Books." True. But just there, in that attitude of the closed cult, centering around the revealed Word, lies the crux of the difficulty. For a child gets at the Bible only through its interpreters. If these practice a ceremonial and speak a language which is Sanskrit or early Hebrew to him, how far shall he go toward understanding of that vital Book? If the tale-tellers stop short of it, at the dead-line of sanctified interdiction, can a child do less?

EDWARD had, one day, a quite constructive idea about the problem, which he dimly grasped. It was this: If Samson, Gideon, and David could only be plucked from their overly familiar, "tame" context, and in all the hero collections promoted, so to speak, to the society of their fellows, to that boisterous, congenial company of world champions—Hercules and Jason, Beowulf and Launcelot, Achilles and Siegfried—why what a rousing new Round Table we should have! Why segregate in Biblical confines a good fellow like Samson? So, Edward. There's a distinct point there. Too few have found it. I think it is Hamilton Mabie, for one, who has, in a small collection. But his versions are not impelling. Van Dyke has found many such points in "The First Christmas Tree" and "The Other Wise Man." But most of our Tusitalas, beloved of childhood, sheer off. Are they afraid of being muffled by that shroud of undue awe, of dull piety, so that their free, joyous movement will be impeded? Perhaps. But it is sad.

A child is paradoxical. This Scriptural critic loved "Pilgrim's Progress" and a retold Spenser's "Faerie Queen." Yet I fear the allegory penetrated to skin depths only, except for a vague impression that these were good people fighting bad ones, all with queer names like Humility and Lawless. The moralizing he seemed to consider irrelevant to the plot.

Morals in general, I was about to say, impinged lightly. But that is an unfair generalization. Ethical sense was not lacking, though I am pained to report that it inclined, as by magnetic attraction, toward the popular party rather than the under dog. Don Quixote, for example, was pronounced categorically "a nut." This was grudgingly modified, after my strong representations, to "a poor old nut."

Many and warm have been our arguments concerning the ethics of his pal Achilles, his hero of heroes.

"A brute of a barbarian," I've denounced him. "Too far back in history to have even the beginnings of sportsmanship. Dragging Hector's dead body in the dust, that way!" Hector has

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always been beloved of women for his tender domesticity.

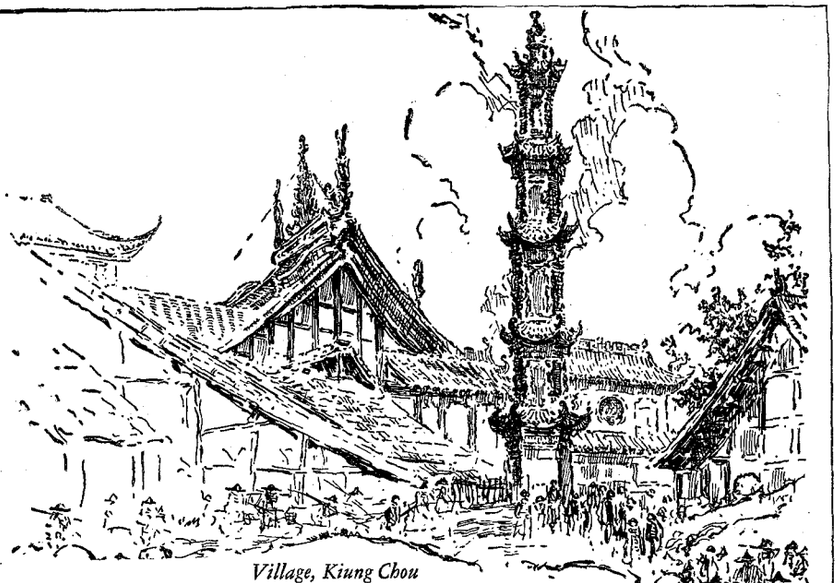
Then Edward, hotly: "He had a perfect right to. I'll show you the place. They agreed beforehand. The one that beat could do as he pleased with the other one. Hector was dead, anyhow." (A shocking view-point.)

MORALS in the narrower sense of sex were a blank and a bewilderment to a boy's innocence. He puzzled long over that baffling weakness in Launcelot for the society of Guinevere ("because he had a nice wife already"), finally reaching the satisfactory conclusion that "they *must* 'a' been enchanted by drinkin' somethin', like Tristram and Iseult." When some lord of whom he read in old romance took his lady "to a cave and there wedded her," presumably without benefit of clergy, it was quite all right with Edward. The lord had wedded her. He read the next paragraph. The sensuality of one "Arabian Nights" tale was pushed aside like a distasteful dish, as a puppy or kitten might walk away from the wrong food. The Shakespearean love stories (why are there such desiccated children's versions of Shakespeare?) and others with a love interest were coldly received—a case of unrequited affections.

But Pyle's "Tristram and Iseult," like those other valorous tales of kings and knights and battling monks, went strangely deep into a small boy's mind and spirit. He was shaken and solemn at the close of that passionate great drama, the union in death of two souls, her soul "white like to thrice-carded wool, and his . . . soul red with all that is of courage and of knightly pride."

To thus ignite the substance of youth with a spark of the divinity in all human life; to blow upon it with the breath of art and passion, so that it flame like an altar fire for purity—surely that is religious in the lost sense of the word? For Cicero said, "Men were called religious after *'relegere,'* because they . . . went over again in thought *all* that appertained to the worship of the gods." And he held not at all with the school whose theory that the word *'religare'*—to fasten, bind—was the root, seems to have prevailed down to our own day.

IF there could be more Ciceronians to preach "life abundant," and cast off the remnants of that gloomy Puritanism which would make beauty, love, and the divine madness of courage matters unhallowed and secular—that would be to preach a second *children's* crusade, at least, in the market-places, however haltingly we heavy-footed adults might rally to the beating of those valiant drums.



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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

A Winter Crop of Novels

By H. W. BOYNTON

THE author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" can tell a story better than the next man, but prefers to lecture. Like a good many other lecturers of the day, he uses the novel instead of "hiring a hall." "The Pope of the Sea"[1] is sub-titled "An Historical Medley;" why "medley" is not clear. It is an informal history of the Popes of Avignon, hitched to a slim and perfunctory comedy of the amours of a young Spaniard and an Argentine heiress—all very Latin, sprightly, and cynical. Young Borja is a remote kinsman of Pedro de Luna, last of the Popes of Avignon, and thinks of writing a book about him. The lady Rosaura, at odds with her French lover, meets Borja in Avignon, and acts as audience for his lectures. Now and then he breaks off to attempt an ardent caress, is reprimanded, and takes up his tale again. At last, having got the whole chronicle off his chest, the lover wins the lady in the Latin manner. In short, what the writer has for us is a solid meal of history, with a spicy tidbit now and then to keep us in appetite. The history is interesting; the tale is naught.

"The Fourteen Thumbs of St. Peter"[2] is another adaptation of the novel to purposes beyond (or short of) pure story-telling. Primarily it is a study of Moscow under the Red régime. Secondarily it is a fantastic yarn of international intrigue. The central theme is the attempt of the Reds to abolish religion in Russia. The head of the official "Atheist Mission" is one Piotr Petrovich, a handsome and energetic Jew. At the moment, his stunt is to discredit the Church with the populace by making her absurd. From shrines all over Russia, by fraud or force, he assembles his chief exhibit—fourteen thumb-bones of St. Peter. The yarn concerns the theft of these thumb-bones by the eccentric emissaries of certain foreign governments which think it important to "break" the "Atheist Mission." The story-teller is an Englishwoman who, choosing to investigate Moscow at a perilous moment, finds herself taken into a queer circle of Bolshevists and foreign "relief" workers. Several of these last are Americans who speak that quaint gibberish which is the usual Briton's idea of the American language. A book that ought to be more readable than it actually is; and what it lacks I don't quite know.

Susan Ertz, who wrote that fine novel, "Madame Claire," has proved to be a skillful short-story teller also. Some of the best of her recent tales are collected under the title "The Wind of Complication."[3] The first of them, "Henry and the Muse," is by all odds the worst—a made-up yarn on the face of it. "Trumpery" and "The Country Walk" are sympathetic studies of youth (not specifically "modern" youth). "And Then Face to Face" is a most effective tale of devil-worship and its reward. "The Fatal Woman" is an equally disturbing story of a charming woman unconsciously possessed by a devil of ambition which makes her drive one man after another to his death. The other stories in the book are comedies of middle age, and the writer is at her best in them. They are unmistakably addressed to the matronly hearts of those hundreds of thousands who support our feminine "Journals" and "Reviews" and "Companions." "The Heroine" is a rather farcical episode of a stupid and pompous husband and a belittled wife, and how she brings him to heel. "To the Satisfaction of All" and "Just Little Things" lay stress on the fact that a husband, boresome and unromantic though he may be, is often a better person to tie to than the fascinating stranger.

"E. M. Delafield," whose first book, "Zella Sees Herself," roused such high hopes, seemed in her later novels to be running into a vein of acid satire, mainly directed against her own sex. She loathes the efficient, managing type of female, the intellectual or social snob, the domestic martinet—and the she-ass in general. Cathie Galbraith in "Jill"[4] is a modified representative of this class. She is a handsome, thoughtful, well-meaning woman, spoiled by utter self-complacency. Jill, the real heroine of the tale, is exactly her opposite. She has no advantages of birth or breeding, and seems to have little chance of happiness. She is, in fact, a girl whom we have met rather often in recent fiction. Her mother is no better than she should be. But Jill grows up in the demi-monde without becoming a member of it. She is not particularly ashamed of her mother's way of life, but her own instinct is for something different and better. Chance throws her under the protection of Cathie Galbraith, who wishes to make a lady of her—that is, to mold her into her own image.

This cannot be done; Jill has fine instincts, but no care for "culture" or convention. Her destiny is to devote herself to some man, and the man turns out to be Jack Galbraith, a notable casualty of the war. He has come out of it all right in body, but nervously a wreck and spiritually dead. He is a major, with medals, but London has no job for him. He has made a casual war marriage, and his wife proves to be a heartless butterfly. She cares for nothing but money and pleasure. They have social presence enough to live for some time on their debts. Then the wife goes off with a richer man, and Jack tries to kill himself, only to be rescued (miraculously) by Jill and made a man of. Somehow I do believe in Jill, and for her sake like the story.

There is not much to be said for "Wild Money,"[5] by Freeman Tilden. It is a mechanical romance about a wicked old man who makes cynical and successful experiment of corrupting an enemy by giving him an allowance of $10,000 a month. The enemy, hitherto a respected and self-respecting citizen, straightway becomes a worthless loafer and spendthrift, and all his family follow suit except one girl, who goes and reforms the wicked old man and makes a driveling sentimentalist of him, whereupon all of her own family return to virtue and happiness.

"Shadows Waiting"[6] is a first novel by a writer of earnest and sensitive purpose. As first novels are likely to be, it is over-mannered and over-intense. It is a story of the inner experience of two

[1] The Pope of the Sea. By Vicente Blasco-Ibañez. From the Spanish by Arthur Livingston. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

[2] The Fourteen Thumbs of St. Peter. By Joice M. Nankivell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

[3] The Wind of Complication. By Susan Ertz. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

[4] Jill. By E. M. Delafield. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

[5] Wild Money. By Freeman Tilden. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

[6] Shadows Waiting. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton. The John Day Company, New York. $2.50.

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young people born to mate with each other, but separated by intangible forces and obstacles on the "psychological" plane. The style is literary and "sophisticated;" as a tale, it is heavy reading.

Other Fiction

PRIZE STORIES OF 1926. (O. Henry Memorial Award.) Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

The machinery here used for sifting and judging the enormous number of short stories published in a year in the United States is extensive. Over 2,000 stories were read. The chairman admits reading "with some assistance" about 1,600. The result was the selection of the sixteen stories included, no two by any one author. The three which stood at the head and received prizes were Wilbur Steele's "Bubbles," Sherwood Anderson's "Death in the Woods," and Albert Wetjen's "Command," the last a short but excellent sea tale. There is in this volume evidence of the high level of short-story writing in America, and apart from critical rating of the stories, combinedly they furnish a capital source of enjoyment.

MONSIEUR. By George Challis. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

Monsieur is a modern Canadian villain with a mediæval flavor; lord of an immense domain and dominating every one about him with merciless arrogance and cruelty. At one moment he is suave, at another he rages; he fears neither god nor devil. He reminds his gentle and despised younger son, into whose mouth the tale is put, of both Zeus and Mephistopheles—a combination which it is easy to guess affords thrills a-plenty to his unhappy family and others of a less undesirable nature to the reader.

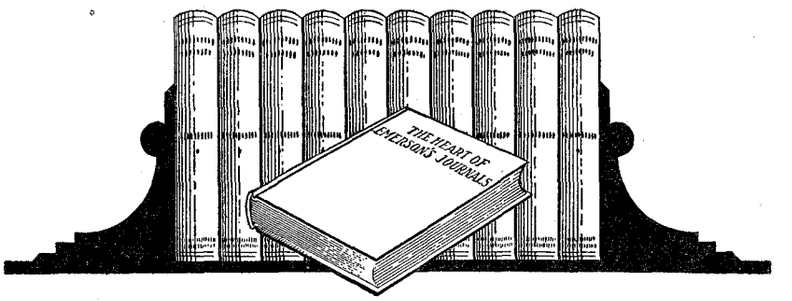
Biography

NAPOLEON: THE MAN OF DESTINY. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Illustrated. Boni & Liveright, New York. $5.

The author of biographies of Wagner, Goethe, and Bismarck, and of character sketches of twenty other great men, now gives us a portrayal of Napoleon. It is not biography; and, though in the main chronological sequence is followed, it is not even a historical summary of Napoleon's career. It is an attempt to reveal the Corsican's "inner history," to tell what the man thought and felt, how he acted under the pressure of various stimuli, what he attempted to do, and what in his later life he deemed that he had achieved. The tone is, in general, laudatory, as it must needs be from the author's somewhat Nietzschean view of greatness. Napoleon showed "what a man can attain through self-confidence and courage, through passion and imagination, through industry and will," and therefore in these days when revolutions "again are opening every path to the man of supreme ability" he is "an example and a warning" to the ardent youth of Europe. Presumably what the ardent youth must avoid in their striving for Napoleonic greatness are the mistakes of Napoleon. The book has style, if by style is meant distinction of manner; but as a character portrayal it lacks clearness, and as an evaluation of the Corsican in a world that is trying to rid itself of Napoleons big and little it belongs to a past age.

PORTRAITS AND PORTENTS. By A. G. Gardiner. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

Mr. Gardiner's skill in portraiture is again shown in this collection of sketches of well-known personalities. There are thirty-seven of them, and they comprise subjects from the most diversified fields of activity. The word "portents" is to be understood in a sense somewhat different from its usual significance, since each of



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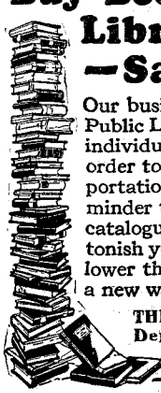

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these characters is treated as the representative of some current movement, tendency, or pastime. Suzanne Lenglen, for instance, credited with being the most celebrated woman in the world, stands for the game that "has conquered the world more universally than any other." Charlie Chaplin is at once the unrivaled representative of the motion picture and the most celebrated among men. Just what Margot Asquith may be thought to stand for is not so clear; but the movement for women's rights has its outstanding representative in Lady Astor. Stanley Baldwin, with his "bewildering artlessness," is here, and so is Calvin Coolidge, "swept into office on a phrase." One learns here, by the way, that "no country has been more hypnotized by phrases than America." Briand, Hindenburg, and Haig are included. We are told that "it was Haig who ended the war in 1918"—a judgment that may involve the author in considerable controversy. Henry Ford, Ramsay MacDonald, Chicherin, Dean Inge (life without whom "would be like lamb without mint sauce"), and Mussolini also appear. These sketches inevitably suggest a comparison with Gamaliel Bradford's "psychographs." To one reader, though they reveal greater brilliance and a more pervasive charm, they lack something of the conscientious thoroughness of the work of the New Englander.

REMINISCENCES OF TRANSATLANTIC TRAVELLERS. By Charles T. Spedding. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

Recollections of the purser of the Aquitania. He knew many famous persons—chiefly English and Americans—and his stories are breezy, sailor-like, and readable. There is an interesting account of escape from the sinking Laconia during the war. Mr. Spedding is a warm advocate of friendly relations between America and England.

Politics and Government

TURKEY. By Arnold J. Toynbee and Kenneth P. Kirkwood. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

Turkey is accorded the honor of a separate volume in "The Modern World" series because in it is exemplified the revolutionary process of Westernization, which, the authors say, is overtaking the Turks and many of their co-religionists in other Islamic countries, has already proceeded further among the Oriental Christian ex-subjects of the Turks in southeastern Europe and among their Oriental Christian ex-enemies in Russia, and is actively at work among the Hindus and the Far-Easterners. The book is a lucid, thorough account of modern Turkey, especially good in its chapters on the latter's international situation (one detects Professor Toynbee's hand here), and is particularly to be recommended to readers who have not time or inclination to attack the monumental "Modern Turkey" of Eliot Grinnell Mears and his associates.

Philosophy

FROM MYTH TO REASON: The Story of the March of Mind in the Interpretation of Nature. By Woodbridge Riley. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Professor Riley, of Vassar College, is widely known for his work in the field of American philosophy, and attracted considerable notice from the newspapers five years ago when his brilliant chapter on "Popular Bibles" ("Science and Health" and the Book of Mormon), in the fourth volume of the Cambridge "History of American Literature," caused the publishers to withdraw the volume after representations from one of the sects concerned. Some of us refused the publishers' courteous offer to exchange the volume for the more innocuous one replacing it, and have never had occasion to regret the choice. This book is "a combined history of science and of speculative thought," is readably and lucidly written—in a manner which is popular in the best sense—and is thoroughly and interestingly illustrated.

Essays and Criticism

AMERICAN CRITICISM. Edited by William A. Drake. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

This collection has considerable beauty. They are "emphatically not [to quote the author] the best critical essays of the year," but rather those "which have given the highest degree of pleasure." Certainly from Henry Canby's racy essay, "Anon Is Dead," to Pressey's delicious bit of satire, "The Critic and the Hen," they are a rich group. And the introduction is not the least of these, although we cannot agree with Mr. Drake when he says that "our critical spirit is prodigiously fecund." Most of these papers, even Stuart Sherman's, are by way of being appreciations. Edmund Wilson's amusing and piquant "All Star Literary Vaudeville" is the nearest approach to literary discrimination. It is a pity that Lola Ridge's "Emmanuel Carnevale," which appeared in the "New Republic" for 1925–6, and was not only a significant piece of criticism but a poetic interpretation of high merit, should have been omitted from this volume. We have few, if any, genuine critics in America to-day. Those we have we can ill afford to overlook.

WINDS OF DOCTRINE. By G. Santayana, Late Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The rhythmic, chiseled prose of George Santayana, urbane yet prickling with wit, would lull the reader if the content were not such a challenge to the intellect, not so awakening. The essays in this volume appeared before the World War. The new preface, dated from Rome, remarks: "That comfortable liberal world was like a great tree with the trunk already sawed quite through, but still standing with all its leaves quietly rustling, and with us dozing in the shade. We were inexpressibly surprised when it fell and half crushed us." Despite this bow to the passing of the old into a changed world, he believes that what he wrote in 1911 holds good to-day. With some exceptions, this is true.

The essay analyzing the philosophy of Bertrand Russell is an exception, for it does not cover his later work, and is therefore incomplete. That on M. Henri Bergson and his *élan vital* is as illuminating as ever.

It is pleasant to turn from these polemics about philosophies and religions to an essay on Shelley, which may well earn praise as the most pentrating and understanding treatise on that poet in any language. "With the soul of a bird he had the senses of a man-child; the instinct of the butterfly was united in him with the instinct of the brooding fowl and of the pelican." Doubtless the allusion to the pelican refers to the heraldic bird fabled for its self-sacrificing "piety." The essay on Shelley alone would make the book welcome and worth while.

LOOKING FORWARD AND OTHERS. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

There is something touching in this latest venture of Booth Tarkington's. A versatile and successful novelist who is also a comedian should have an excellent speaking acquaintance with the road of life and the gate at which it ends. As usual, he has surprised us—and to our benefit. From the description of the war chief's philosophy and the hospitalized Mr. Gallup's reform, to the dry saws between Watson and Tomlinson at the grocery store, it abounds in the quizzical wisdom of humor. Such wisdom men have had since

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the days of Plato. It furnishes the only answer to the inevitable riddle: What is happiness and how does it profit us? How is old age to be borne? What's the end—if end there be—anyhow?

The answer is as simple as the riddle is hard. "In general and at almost all times we possess a certain amount of happiness—the happiness we already have." And "we came for the ride—not the end of it," although we look with surety to the greatest adventure of all. Mr. Tarkington says: "To believe the inferior parts invested with immortality and the most important part perishable seems to me like believing that a man's trousers, and not the legs within them, possess the life and do the walking."

Folk-Lore

BY CHEYENNE CAMPFIRES. By George Bird Grinnell. With Illustrations. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $4.

This is a collection of folk-tales of the Cheyenne Indians. They are stories of magic and mystery, of the war-path and the deeds of heroes, that vividly reveal the Indian mind and nature. Some of them are of the days before the Indians had horses and when their packs were carried or hauled by dogs, others of comparatively recent times. The Cheyennes must have been (and may still be) good story-tellers; and the author has retold their stories with simplicity and charm. An introduction gives us a brief sketch of this bellicose tribe. The statement that the Sand Creek affair of November 29, 1864, "set on foot an Indian war" that lasted until after the Custer battle in 1876, ignores the fact that the Cheyennes had for more than a year been committing depredations on the whites and that the Sioux had been on the war-path for more than two years.

Science

THE CONQUEST OF DISEASE. By Thurman B. Rice. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.50.

A wide field is covered in this volume. It treats transmissible diseases as studied by the medical profession in its efforts to control or eradicate them, tells of the progress of science over past ignorance, and makes the subject easily intelligible to the layman.

Children's Books

THE JESTER'S PURSE, by Nydia E. Minchin, **AND OTHER PLAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.** Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.50.

The awkward phrasing of the title-page is explained by the fact that four runners-up are included in this book besides Miss Minchin's play, which was awarded first prize in a competition conducted by The Bookshop for Boys and Girls, in Boston, for a good original play for children eight to fourteen years old. Miss Minchin also wrote "The Birthday Cake." "On the Tower of the Shadows" is an ambitious play of Zuñi Indians; "Sir Richard Serves His Queen," which has some literary quality, introduces Robin Hood; and "The Coming of Summer" is another Indian play. The book is expertly edited and amateurishly illustrated.

Journalism

MAIN CURRENTS IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM. By William Grosvenor Bleyer. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

This is a careful exploration into the main springs of American journalism, with a survey of the early English and colonial press, together with that devoted to the interest of political parties in the United States, passing thence to a study of the leaders in the development of American newspapers. Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Henry J. Raymond, Samuel Bowles, E. L. Godkin, Charles A. Dana, William R. Nelson, Joseph Pulitzer, and William R. Hearst are intelligently appraised, while the present-day journals come in for a succinct review.

Dr. Bleyer has delved deep into his subject and the volume is highly informative. Newspaper men and those interested in newspapers will find it invaluable.

Travel

THE CONQUEST OF BRAZIL. By Roy Nash. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

As every one seems to know, Mr. Nash has given us a remarkable book about Brazil; he has, so to speak, put Brazil on the popular reader's map. He is at once impressionistic and accurate, imaginative and statistical; he writes from first-hand knowledge of almost the entire vast area described, and he is familiar with the literature about Brazil, which is by no means inconsiderable and includes three genuine classics—the works of Bates, Wallace, and Sir Richard Burton. On the economic possibilities of "one of the two or three finest landed properties in the world" he writes masterfully, and on the allied racial problem he is extremely interesting, though some will be apt to think him too optimistic concerning the amalgamation of racial stocks—white, black, and red—going on. At any rate, here is a book of extraordinary value and interest.

A WAYFARER IN SPAIN. By Alice M. S. Newbigin. **A WAYFARER IN ITALY.** By Frederic Whyte. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3 each.

These "Wayfarer Series" volumes are not merely travel books; they are informative, to be sure, but they are also agreeable reading, with pleasant references to the picturesque, the historical, and the human sides of life.

HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS. By Chesla C. Sherlock. Vol. II. The Meredith Publications, Des Moines, Iowa. $3.

It is impossible for poor, weak, flippant human nature not to envisage the bewilderment of some librarian when a reader calls for the second series of the Sherlock Homes. Let us hope that he gets what he asks for, because this volume is fully as interesting as the first one, already favorably noticed in The Outlook. Of the twenty-four chapters on as many homes, perhaps those on Orchard House, the Jumel Mansion, Red Hill, the home of Patrick Henry (unfortunately, since destroyed by fire), and Grouseland, the home of William Henry Harrison, call for special mention.

Finance

WORLD WAR DEBT SETTLEMENTS. By Harold G. Moulton and Leo Pasvolsky, with the Aid of the Council and Staff of the Institute of Economics. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

To the general reader who wants in convenient form all the important data of the war debt question this book will prove indispensable. The history of each of the governmental debts and of the steps taken toward its settlement is given in simple language, and to this is added the full text of all the debt-agreements between the debtor nations and the United States and Great Britain, together with a number of other important documents. There is also some discussion of the changes of public opinion in the nations concerned and of the issues that are still pending. It is primarily a fact book, and not an argumentative one; for, though it explains the various controversies that have arisen, it takes no sides. The matter of the capacity of the debtor nations to pay and that of the effect of payments upon the creditor nations are left unargued, and the highly explosive question of the negotiations over the Russian debt is treated with a judiciousness that even a Bolshevik fanatic might approve. A small book, but richly laden with worth-while material on one of the most important subjects.

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Four Kinds of Investments

IF you ask the average man how many kinds of investments there are, the chances are that he will hesitate and, in nine cases out of ten answer, "Two, stocks and bonds." So far as it goes this is a perfectly good answer. But it is at best a superficial answer. It does not go below the surface.

Take the case of a business or professional man (or woman) who has a job or a method of earning a surplus over living necessities, some invested capital, life and accident insurance, and perhaps a house or an equity in one. Such a man has a continuous investment problem, none the less serious because

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it does not involve large sums. In fact, it is a more difficult problem than that of the man who can invest $5,000 to $10,000 or $25,000 in lumps. Diversification is not a simple process. The tendency to seek high returns and to overlook factors that make for safety and long-time appreciation are often minimized if not disregarded.

Such an investor makes a serious mistake if he does not classify his investments—not according to their obvious names and types, but according to *purpose* or end in view.

What, then, are or should be the chief purposes of the investments of the kind of person we are considering? To make money? Yes—but that does not altogether cover it. To hold to what he has, adding a little now and then? True—but in just what way?

We shall get nearer to a satisfactory solution of the problem if we realize that the ordinary man or woman needs to have these four distinct types of investment:

1. Rainy day investment for ordinary emergencies.
2. Reserve for severe emergencies.
3. "Back-log" for more or less permanent investment purposes.
4. Appreciation fund for growth.

This little classification is made on the basis of *purpose*. Each purpose is a necessary purpose, and each should be planned for. Let us take them in order.

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Inasmuch as this fund must, by its very nature, be almost instantly available, the savings bank account would appear to be one ideal investment medium. If placed in a savings account, the fund will earn at a fair rate.

"Reserve for Severe Emergencies." The purpose of this fund is different from that of the "Rainy Day Fund." It is designed to meet the serious disasters or knocks of life which no one can foretell but which may come to any one—loss of a position, severe business reverses, possibly moving to another city and re-establishing one's self. For such a fund the securities chosen should be of a type which will tend to vary little in market prices. Return is important, of course, but security of principal is of the first importance. Co-operative banks or

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"In effect, the investor who buys a mortgage bond has not only the property as security, but its rental earnings as well. There are several investment bankers offering first mortgage bonds whose investors have never lost a dollar or had to wait a day beyond the time when interest or principal was due. No form of investment has a better safety record than this."

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building and loan shares; United States Government or municipal bonds; mortgages or real estate mortgage bonds, possibly preferred stocks, are among the candidates for this fund.

"*'Back-Log' Fund.*" This to a certain extent shades into reserve fund. It is, however, an investment and reinvestment fund which is intended to hold the main bulk of one's capital. Just what securities should be purchased for this fund depends entirely on various circumstances. This fund and the one next to be considered is the real investment problem of the investor.

"*Appreciation Fund.*" Few people want to have all their investments merely "static"—that is to say, without reasonable probability of increasing in value. It is for this motive that men speculate. For the same motive others buy "good business risks" in stocks. Others buy selected common stocks, and so on. Some investment trusts are designed to fulfill the requirements of this purpose.

We have endeavored to stress in our fortnightly discussions of investments in this department that it is hard to say that a given security is a good or a bad investment till the *purpose* for which it is to be purchased is carefully considered. Purpose governs—or should govern. Therefore in order to clarify our thinking and planning we had best first of all enumerate possible purposes and then try to decide which one we desire to accomplish at any given time and with any prospective investment.

The grouping of purposes given above is informal and crude, but we think that it will fill the needs of the average man, or at least assist him to define his needs so that he will realize what he is to accomplish.

For obvious reasons we have not discussed at any length the kinds of investments to accomplish the "back-log" and "appreciation" types. As we have, however, indicated, right here is where the investor and his adviser must expend the greatest amount of gray matter. But they will waste the least amount of that valuable substance if they discuss according to clearly defined purpose.

We shall be glad to get the reaction of our readers to this outline. We feel it will facilitate our work with them. W. L. S.

From an Inquiring Reader

"ON returning home one evening about seven o'clock I found my apartment door had been jimmied and a thief had stolen, among other things, three $1,000 bonds that I had bought just a month before. Of course, I should have put these bonds in my safe-deposit box, but put off going downtown with them. Now what I want to find out is, is it possible for me to get these bonds back? I have listened to so many opinions on the subject, I have decided to ask The Outlook.

"The police were called in at the time. Two of them said, 'Oh, notify your broker; you'll get them back, of course.' My landlord, a rich man, of course, said, 'Oh, you will get the bonds back, I'm sure.' Several of my friends said the same thing, 'Without question you must get them back.'

"Now I at once wrote to all three corporations, stating the particulars. One of the paying agents sent me a questionnaire to fill out, and their return answer tells me that after a year passes I must take the matter up again with them and they will see. The paying agents of the other two bonds answered in about the same fashion.

"Now a very high class lawyer says, practically, 'No chance.' He doesn't think I will ever get the bonds back.

"Now will you kindly give me your opinion? Perhaps you might consider it timely to explain and warn others of the importance of taking extreme care in guarding bonds from loss or theft. Many, like myself, might believe it not easy for lost or stolen bonds to be disposed of so readily. I had every reason to think they were safe in my apartment. Having never been robbed before, I could not be expected to anticipate it. I was careful to take the numbers of the bonds, and thought it would be an easy matter to trace them.

"For your information I would say further that this was all the money I had outside of a small income left me by my husband. I invested this three thousand dollars for emergency or sickness. So, you see, it is a serious loss to me."

Our comment—Scrap the "bureau-drawer" safe. Use the safe-deposit box.

Facts for Investors

THE OUTLOOK'S Financial Service Department is at the disposal of all Outlook readers at the nominal charge of $1 per inquiry. It is a fact-finding and reporting information service which aims to help the investor, small or large, solve his own problems. We are serving hundreds. May we serve you?

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RESIDENT position for young woman of refinement in office of small inn. Address Heathcote Inn, Scarsdale, N. Y. Telephone Scarsdale 600.

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CAPABLE young man, 27 years of age, desires position as personal secretary. Prefers gentleman doing some traveling. Possesses highest references. 7,516, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, trained and experienced executive, contemplates making change. Now superintendent of large institution. Wishes to locate not more than one and half hours' distance from New York City. References. 7,519, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CULTURED young woman, college graduate, experienced European traveler, speaks French fluently, desires position as companion to one contemplating residence abroad or to assist in any interesting work. 7,5 Outlook.

FOR next summer or school year, lady teacher, experienced, piano-violin graduate New England Conservatory. (Now in ensemble at piano). 7,515, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, experienced, capable desires position in refined home or institution. 7,522, Outlook.

JUST the right one to take as chaperon or companion to Europe. 7,517, Outlook.

TRAVEL. Young lady, college graduate and teacher of art, with experience as typist, desires position as companion or secretary to older woman or family traveling abroad during the summer months. References asked and given. 7,518, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement desires position as housemother in school. References. 7,52 Outlook.

YOUNG woman, well bred, capable, perfect health, pleasant personality, extremely neat would like position of trust. Highest credentials. 7,524, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

By the Way

AN aspiring poet has discovered a new way to get his verses printed in the daily papers. He sends the first stanza to the editor of the correspondence column with the inquiry, "Can any one give me the rest of the poem?" and then a day or two later sends in the rest of the poem under another name.

At one of our large Western Indian schools the following conversation between two small Indian boys was overheard on Washington's Birthday:

First Indian boy: "What for the superintendent say we work this forenoon and have holiday this afternoon? Why he no give us holiday all day?"

Second Indian boy: "I dunno; I guess George Washington he born in the afternoon."

From "Punch:"

Small boy (member of Children's Guild): "I say, mother, you know I'm ten to-morrow. Well, don't you think I'm old enough to leave off doing one good deed a day?"

The pessimist, says the Washington "Post," reminds us that the lily belongs to the onion family, while the optimist reminds us that the onion belongs to the lily family.

Robert Benchley, humorist, recently addressed the Magazine Club of New York and read a report of his marketing investigation to discover the true state of the mitten industry and to uncover, if possible, any new sales possibilities in the Southern markets.

His findings were supported by a wealth of statistics. A number of housewives were called upon to find out what was responsible for the falling off of sales in the summer season. The data which Mr. Benchley collected showed conclusively that consumers would react favorably to a strong campaign featuring a distinctive trade-name, such as Mitto, and that service to consumers could be met by the simple merchandising expedient of tying the mittens together in pairs. This innovation would lead to greater sales.

His audience showed special interest in the questionnaire addressed to jobbers, particularly in the leading question, "How do you like jobbing?" Out of 4,897 jobbers visited, he reported, only eight were found in. Inquiry showed that in forty-nine States 16,457 women did not buy mittens. This situation was explained by the fact that 56 per cent lived in towns of 50,000 population and over, who found they could keep their hands warm by keeping them in pockets.

Startling returns were received from South Carolina, where a jobber reported that mittens were not worn, as the last batch sent to that State had been drowned. This misunderstanding led to a supplementary research on the kitten market. The later research resulted in a recommendation to the kitten industry, that what was needed was an improved package which would give the jobber a kitten he would be proud to display.

From "Good Hardware:"

"I slept like a log last night." One who was near: "Yes—a log with a saw going through it."

The "New Yorker" tells the story of the motion-picture producer who recently imported an alien star. "She's a nize girl," he announced, "and I'm gonna loin her English."

LIFE AND LUCK

Life is merely what you make it,
Luck is just the way you take it.
Empty hands are those that spill,
Pockets fat are those you fill.
—DON C. SEITZ.

How many sentences can you form which contain within themselves all the letters of the alphabet? Here is one: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

In Ames, Iowa, eighty-five hundred pennies are collected each month from six penny scales. This indicates that eighty per cent of the population weigh themselves every month or that a smaller percentage of the Ames citizens must have the daily habit.

Italian to garage owner: "Meestir Young, watsa mat? My car no run; he joomp, joomp, alla time joomp!"

Garage owner: "I expect it misses."

Italian: "No meesis! I say my car! I no say notting about my meesis."

Some English schoolboy "howlers:"

Joan of Arc was canonized by Bernard Shaw.

Lipton is the capital of Ceylon.

Theseus begged Minos to try and kill the labyrinth.

William III, on his way to Hampton Court, stumbled over a mole and broke his collarstud, which was fatal to a man of hi constituency.

Sir Walter Scott wrote "Quentin Durwood," "Ivanhoe," and "Emulsion."

A talisman is a man who calls ever week for the furniture money.

Michael Angelo painted the selling of th cistern chapel.

A prospectus is a man who finds gold.

Fallacy is another name for suicide.

A "pollygon" is a dead parrot.

A triangle with equal sides is calle equatorial.

Sodium nitrate is the chilly sauce c nitric acid.

From the "Christian Advocate:"

Old colored mammy: "Ah wants a ticket fo' Florence."

Ticket agent (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railway guides): "Where is Florence, madam?"

Old colored mammy: "Settin' over dar on de bench, suh."

From the Boston "Transcript:"

"Any abnormal children in your class?" inquired the inspector.

"Yes," replied the harassed-looking schoolmarm; "two of them have good manners."

"I do wish you would agree not to talk when I am driving in traffic," said the man to his wife.

"All right, Henry, we can discuss that as we go along."

Five words of five letters each are needed to complete the following anagram. Each word contains the same letters.

When young, the Prince read —— books,
Ate food prepared by —— cooks,
When ——, he went astray, I fear,
In Broadway's —— on —— beer.

Answer to last week's anagram: "Asper," "spare," "pears," "pares," "spear," and "reaps."

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